THE NEW ENGLISH REVIEW MAGAZINE

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THE VOLUME 1. No. 4

NEW ENGLISH REVIEW MAGAZINE

Edited by DOUGLAS JERROLD

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DECEMBER COMMENTARY

THE re-election of President Truman is a notable portent and proves, like our own election of 1945, that the results of elections under universal adult suffrage are increasingly difficult to forecast, at least for those trained in the politics of the past. We to-day are watching and experiencing the western phase of that revolt from the past, which began in China in 1912 and has left its notable mark on the world's history during the last thirty-four years. This revolt has been bred not of a new faith or a new hope but of scepticism and disillusion. The revolutionaries of the eighteenth century believed in the perfectability of men naturally good and wise, and corrupted only by misgovernment from above. It was a crude but simple faith and inspiring while it lasted. There has been nothing optimistic and nothing sublime about the revolts of the present century—revolts which, spreading literally from China to Peru, have torn up the very foundations of the world of the nineteenth century and buried liberal idealism beneath a mountain of corpses, in order to proclaim, not the dawn of a golden age or the immortality of the spirit of man, but man as a function of the machine, man the animal without a soul descended from the beasts and incapable of winning even security except as an inmate in an institution or a cog in a machine. Man in the new dispensation is openly proclaimed to be capable of self-expression and psychological fulfilment only as a member of a master race, a master class, a dominant ideology or a dominant party. It is here, and not in any proffered economic advantages, that the appeal lies alike of British socialism and of Mr. Roosevelt's new deal, which has just won such an unexpected fifth victory in the United States. It is not the hope of gain or glory, or even of greater happiness, but the fear of the past, when free men competed for the good things of life and many fell by the wayside, which leads so many millions to see in group security maintained by the political action of one dominant party their only tolerable future.

TRUE, the rights of political opposition are still fully safeguarded both here and in the United States but the declared aim in this country is to move as fast as possible towards the destruction of the free economy. Sir Stafford Cripps made that crystal clear in his speech on the second reading of the Iron and Steel Bill. Once the free economy has been destroyed, the political power of parliament is itself destroyed because modern legislation is by design and intention irreversible. You can restore a monarchy every five years if you so choose: you cannot de-nationalize and re-nationalize industry. You cannot pledge public faith to the payment of vast sums on account of social security and then repudiate your undertakings. These measures determine the colour and content of your social system for generations to come. The revolt from the past is not nearly as conscious, nor its programmes so well-defined, in the United States—or, for that matter in South America—as they are already in this country. But it is now clear that, even in the United States, there is a much more widespread disillusionment than had been realized with the character of the old dispensation offering its modest rewards only to the prudent, the industrious, the thrifty and the virtuous. It is probable also that there is equally widespread doubt as to the reality of the rewards offered in the next world to those content to suffer in this one.

Finally, there is one striking and very significant resemblance between the New Dealers in the United States and Mr. Attlee's Socialists in this country. Both, by building up a mythology in which all the evils of the past are attributed to the only rival political party, are paving the way, although they may neither know it nor wish it, for one-party government. In the old party warfare, in both countries, rival men and measures were attacked, and if the attack succeeded leaders would be forced into political exile and proposals would be dropped from party platforms. To-day, however, it is neither men nor measures which are attacked, but parties as such. Lip service is paid to the integrity and patriotism of rival politicians but it is the party of "big business" in the United States, the party of the "boss class" in our own country which must never again be allowed to govern. "Big business" and the "boss class" are cast for the same rôle which the Jews were made to play in Hitler's mythology.

IF, however, there are striking resemblances between the political tactics of the Democrats in the United States and those of Mr. Attlee and Mr. Herbert Morrison in their approach to home politics, the revolt from the past has produced diametrically opposite consequences in the sphere of foreign affairs. American isolationism is dead and now buried. While the Socialist party here is openly priding itself on the liquidation of our responsibilities abroad, the United States, broken loose from a tradition nearly two centuries old, is accepting vast commitments in Europe and Asia. Only in Africa are the old colonial powers of western Europe still claiming to discharge any imperial mission.

It is indeed a fortunate thing for the western world that isolationism should have become identified historically with the republican party and with the largely

mythical "bad old days". Nevertheless, the dominance of the myth in modern politics is an evil. It introduces a profound inconsequence into politics, and we know that the consequences of a myth, once accepted, are very lasting. Western European defence and economic union are alike gravely handicapped by the mythology which has grown up round the Spanish civil war, as a consequence of which it is still widely believed that General Franco, a petit-bourgeois republican professional soldier of Jewish descent on both sides, is morally and politically indistinguishable from the beast of Belsen. There is a great risk also that a similar idiotic mistake will be made over General de Gaulle, both in this country and in the United States, although his proposed new constitution for France is in fact none other than the constitution of the United States. Neither of these absurdities, however, are likely ultimately to prove as dangerous to European recovery as the myth of the misery of our past. If under capitalism no one ever had enough to eat and the majority, even as recently as the schooldays of the President of the Board of Trade, had not shoes or socks, why in the world are we bothering about communism or, for that matter, fascism? It is a shocking lack of responsibility to circulate and stimulate these false views of the past among an electorate fifty per cent of whom are too young to know better. If, in fact, the high standard of living which this country to-day enjoys, instead of being financed by vast gifts from the north American continent, is the creation of the Socialist party, is it not obvious that there is no limit to miracles and that what is needed to bring Utopia is only a few more years of socialist rule? And how can people, taught by their trusted leaders to think in this way, be expected to work harder, to submit to any rise in the cost of living or, indeed, to do anything whatever but ask for more and more from men capable of such astonishing wizardry?

IT is part and parcel of this myth of the bad old days that the Tories must be represented as incapable—from congenital stupidity rather than actual malevolence—of providing an alternative government. That the whole of the social services were inaugurated and extended to their present scale by capitalist administrations, and mainly by the Tory party itself, is a fact which must at all costs be concealed. That the three peaks of unemployment in the inter-war years were under Mr. Lloyd George's Liberal coalition, in 1926, as the result of the general strike, and in 1930 and 1931, when the Labour party were not only in office but in power, is another fact which must be concealed. So we are presented with a picture of the Tory party in office for the whole twenty years from 1918 to Munich and unemployment as a slow irresistible growth due to Tory incompetence and capitalist malevolence. These lies can be effectively exposed on the platform and in print, but the vast majority of the electorate never attend the meetings of their political opponents or read the political articles in opposition newspapers. One of the most sinister discoveries made by Hitler—that an effective answer has yet to be found to systematic propaganda by the government of to-day—has been learnt by the British Socialist leaders. Probably, as the Edmonton by-election

suggests, a possible answer is to be found in house-to-house canvassing, but without a policy this will only be effective against a weak candidate.

IT is the success of the lie about the Tory party which perhaps accounts for the most striking peculiarity of the electoral position to-day, the discrepant results of the local and national elections. The party which has a victorious record at by-elections never before equalled, or even approached, has been for the last eighteen months consistently defeated in local government elections of all kinds all over the country. In the ordinary local government elections the candidates on both sides are personally well known to the voters. Unless it is true, it is no use telling the electors of Little Puddleton that Mr. A. and Mr. B., who have not only lived but done business in their town for thirty years, are unfit to sit on the town council, and if it is true it will be unnecessary to say so because it will be already well known. But it is quite safe to say that the Tory party cannot provide a competent alternative government because the overwhelming majority of the parliamentary electors, in the vast modern parliamentary constituencies, do not even know their own member of Parliament by sight and have no chance at all of knowing him personally. As for the other 614 Members of Parliament, they are not even names to them. A class party broadly based on the Trade Unions has in these circumstances an overwhelming advantage over a national party representing an infinite variety of interests and occupations. It is as true of a Socialist as of a Conservative candidate for Parliament that the majority of the electors do not know who he is, but they do know what he is. He is either an active Trade Unionist or he is pledged in practice, though no doubt not in theory, to support, in all those matters which most directly concern the workers, the policy of the T.U.C. For this reason even if the Conservative party choose to sink to the level of their opponents and blackguard the personal character and depreciate the intellectual capacity of their opponents, it would have little or no effect. The Socialist elector is not voting to put in power an administration drawn from a miscellaneous body of individuals whom the chances of electoral fortune may return to Westminster and whose quality and policy alike will be largely determined by these chances. It is voting to put organized labour into power and is indifferent to the qualities of the individuals through whom this objective will be achieved.

It would be very foolish to pretend that the electors' dilemma in deciding whether to vote Conservative or not is an unreal one. Precisely because the Conservative party is a national party, representing all sections of the community, not excluding many trade unionists who are opposed to Socialism, it is difficult for the elector to know precisely what the party stands for. It has to depend far more than its opponents on the known record and personality of its leaders and, Mr. Winston Churchill apart, its leaders are not very widely known and there is much ignorance about their views on domestic policy.

IN these circumstances the result of the next election, which can hardly be otherwise than decisive so far as the issue of socialism is concerned, will continue to be in doubt unless and until it is considered practicable not only to define a policy but to indicate the character of the administration which would be formed to carry it out. That a strong alternative government pledged to implement the policy of a property-owning democracy by a series of concrete measures would have a very good chance indeed of winning decisively is certain. It is far less certain that a purely negative attack on socialism—overwhelming though the case against the nationalization of productive industry is—will succeed at the polls. Only a further marked rise in the cost of living or a substantial increase in unemployment would be likely in that event to lead to the defeat of the government. There is a lot more in the socialist propaganda about the bad old times and Tory misrule than meets the eye. The absurdities of this propaganda are very easily exposed, but it is difficult for those who expose them not to create the appearance of looking back rather than forward and of being desirous of re-creating the past rather than of building for the future. In the psychological climate of these times this appearance would spell not victory but another electoral disaster. That is the really relevant lesson of the American elections.

THE Steel Bill seeks under the forms of law to deprive a great number of people of a great deal of property. It is not, as in the case of the public utilities already nationalized, a case of paying too little. It is a case, with the iron and steel companies, of paying nothing at all for a great deal. The Stock Exchange price of a publicly controlled public utility bears some relation to the value of its shares. There is no relation whatever between the value as between a willing buyer and a willing seller of the assets of an ordinary industrial undertaking and the Stock Exchange quotation of its ordinary shares. The latter represents only the market's expectation of dividends over the next year or two. If a buyer enters the market to attempt to get control by acquiring a majority of the ordinary shares he has to pay an ever-increasing price for the shares and is willing to do so. Where, as is more usual, the control of an industrial enterprise passes by a direct sale of the majority holdings, the price is determined altogether without reference to the Stock Exchange quotation but solely by reference to the value of the assets. At a conservative estimate the value of the assets to be compulsorily handed over to the government under the new bill is twice what the government proposes to pay for them. If, as seems clear, the government intend, where compensation for colliery undertakings already acquired is due an iron and steel company now scheduled for nationalization, to relieve themselves of their obligation to pay that compensation, the real value of the shares they are acquiring may be much more than double the price they will pay.

This kind of roguery raises very wide issues which far transcend the question whether nationalization is desirable *per se*, which it certainly is not. It depreciates not only the credit of the British government, on which the fate of Western

Europe so largely depends—Is our word as good as our bond?—but our national standard of integrity. People are being taught that it is a laudable and honourable thing to filch the property of the few for the benefit of the many. That it is not in fact for the benefit of the many but merely to place power and patronage in the hands of a self-appointed political clique makes it only sadder. The public is paying a heavy price in self-respect for precisely nothing at all. Its honour has been bought and not paid for. The doctrine that stealing for the (alleged) benefit of other people is a virtuous act has to be stigmatized, and no doubt will have been so stigmatized in the House of Commons before these notes appear, as a truly Hitlerian doctrine. There is no difference at all between stealing from an ordinary shareholder in a steel company and stealing from a Jew. It is the stealing which is wrong. As Joseph Conrad remarked in a memorable passage in "Lord Jim", it is the guilt alone that matters. If modern psychology and modern politicians are teaching the people that it matters only if you *feel* guilty, so much the worse not only for the teachers but, and above all, for the taught. You cannot build prosperity on a lie. As the only thing the modern world appears to value is prosperity, the fact is not unimportant. The lack of integrity in this government proposal contrasts with the capitalists' integrity on which the government themselves so implicity (and justifiably) rely. Although their argument for socialization rests on the alleged lack of integrity, the materialistic selfishness, of the capitalist who considers only his own profit, the government know in fact that they can rely absolutely on the assets of the scheduled companies being scrupulously safeguarded from the present time up to the date of the transfer of the undertakings to the new controlling authority.

MR. ATTLEE has assumed a grave responsibility in nominating a party group to represent this country on the international committee which is to study and recommend for the consideration of the European governments "further measures in the direction of European unity". If ever there was a matter on which the judgment of elder statesmen was imperative, this is it. Not only are vital British interests involved but the recommendations of this committee, in so far as they are unanimous, will presumably be accepted by the governments concerned and may, therefore, pre-determine British policy for a generation or more. The choice of Dr. Dalton as the chief British delegate to the committee is, moreover, particularly unfortunate. His reputation does not stand high and his interest in western union has been markedly negative. Mr. Attlee's action is at least as unfortunate as Mr. Lloyd-George's in regard to the Versailles Treaties and may well have equally lamentable consequences.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

SCIENCE AND THE GENERAL STAFF

By J. F. C. FULLER*

NEARLY eighty years ago, W. E. H. Lecky wrote:

"The causes which most disturbed or accelerated the normal progress of society in antiquity were the appearance of great men, in modern times they have been the appearance of great inventions." Though this is patently true, it was not until the coming of the Industrial Revolution that inventive genius began rapidly to change the processes of industry. Nevertheless, collaboration between the soldier and the inventor remained so painfully slow that in 1914, in spite of all belligerents being prepared for war, when war came it was not the type any one of them expected. Instead of being mobile it was static. This was not due to lack of inventive genius between the years 1870 and 1914; but, as the events of the war proved, to lack of vision on the part of the General Staffs, as well as lack of appreciation of the powers of the improved weapons which had been introduced during the preceding forty years.

Opening as a conventional military conflict, World War I ended as a technical and industrial struggle in which factories were as important as armies, and during it the main military problem set the inventor was how to reinstate mobility. The upshot was the general replacement of the wagon by the lorry, the invention of the tank and the rapid improvement of the aeroplane. The last two not only defeated the bullet, the one by its armour and the other by flight; but equally important, both defeated the road; the one by its ability to cross country in all directions, and the other by its power to turn the air into a thoroughfare. Here were facts which should have set vibrating in the mind of an imaginative General Staff the vision of a new way of waging war: a vision which was about to penetrate the conventional tactical clouds when the war ended.

So convinced was I that the alliance between science and war was *the* leading military lesson of the conflict, that on 25th January, 1919, I wrote an official memorandum entitled: "The Secret of Victory." It opened with the statement that "Tools, or weapons, if only the right ones can be discovered, form ninety-nine per cent of victory"; a statement purposely exaggerated in order to stimulate opposition and induce criticism.

MY thesis was based on the incontrovertible fact that in modern times no army of fifty years before any selected date would have stood a dog's chance against the army existing at that date, and that in nearly every case the inventions which had led to the superiority of the latter were, if not in fact, at least in theory or principle existent in the days of the former.

After exemplifying this, I came to my main point which was that inventions would remain militarily sterile unless the General Staff became clairvoyant. Inventors and designers existed in abundance and science was more and more dominating the age. Therefore, all that was lacking was a General Staff, not only conversant with strategy, tactics and logistics, but of sufficient imagination to grasp how inventions could be adapted to the needs of war and what kind of novelties were required to enhance war power. Working on the hypothesis that all rational demands could be met by science, I suggested that it was for the General Staff to set the imaginative pace, to create the demand and for the inventor to supply it. Hitherto armies had waited for inventions, now they must generate ideas which would set inventors thinking.

A case to point will illustrate this.

*Major-General Fuller is the author of "The Second World War".

Towards the close of World War I, when I was engaged upon certain tactical preparations for 1919, which, had the war continued, would have led to the introduction of the blitz attack twenty years earlier than was actually the case, a British naval officer, the late Commander Oscar de Thoren, suggested to me the use of light as a weapon. "If on a dark night," he said, "you are travelling in a car with side lights on, and you meet a car with powerful headlights burning, you either have to pull up or go slow. Though the driver of the on-coming car can see you, you cannot see him: all you see is a blaze of light which obscures everything behind it. Transfer this to the battlefield and you have a tactical revolution."

At once I realized that the project I was working on was obsolete, because, following de Thoren's idea, by transferring the blitz attack from day to night it could be made many times more surprising, deadly and less costly. To cut a long story short, it was not until June, 1940, that the War Office decided to develop this suggestion, and the result was the production of the C.D.L.,* an infantry tank fitted with a powerful projector which emitted a fan-shaped flickering beam of light, and which was so well protected that only a direct hit by a heavy armour piercing shell could extinguish it. By means of this invention the battle front could be converted into a blaze of blinding light behind which nothing could be seen, whereas the foreground and the enemy's position were brilliantly illuminated.

BY the summer of 1944, two British brigades of five battalions of C.D.L.'s had been raised and trained, also two American armoured groups, each of three battalions. During the Normandy landing they were sent out to France, but for some as yet unexplained reason were never used, or if so in a very perfunctory way. Soon after their disembarkation most of the C.D.L. battalions were disbanded.

Considering that in practically all the fighting which followed the invasion of France, the Germans could only safely move by night, it is astonishing that the fullest use was not made of this formidable weapon. For instance, General Diestel, commanding the German 346th Infantry Division, has since the war said: "We never hurried in these movements (the retreat) because of the systematic and thoroughly organized tactics of the Allies. When we had been thrown back during the day, we always knew that there would be a pause at night when the enemy would regroup for the next day's operations. It was these hours of darkness which enabled us to retire without suffering many casualties."

The moral of this is, that it does not matter how imaginative and inventive a General Staff is; for unless Commanders in the field possess some imagination, not forgetting a modicum of courage, much of the labour expended upon devising weapons and organizations of novel and astonishing powers will be wasted.

WHAT actually happened between 1919 and 1939 we all know. The defeated powers, Germany and Russia, turned to the war and built for the future on the leading lessons of its last phase. The victorious France, Britain and the U.S.A., either did nothing at all or else based their tactical ideas on its middle phase—trench warfare. No single General Staff showed that it had fathomed *the* leading military lesson of the war. Each remained an amateur. No single one attempted to become clairvoyant.

For argument's sake, suppose that our General Staff had, in 1918, accepted de Thoren's idea, and had during the after war years methodically developed it. Suppose by 1940 they had built up, say, two or three C.D.L. divisions supported by two or three armoured divisions, what would have been the surprise of the Germans had their daylight blitz attack on France, based on the British project for 1919, been met by a full-out blitz attack by night? Though no definite answer can be given to an hypothetical question, imagination suggests that it would have been catastrophic. Certainly

* C.D.L. stood for "Canal Defence Light." Like the word "tank" it was a verbal camouflage.

as much so as the surprise the Germans won on borrowed tactics, which enabled them to overrun Poland in eighteen days, conquer Holland and the greater part of Belgium in five, France in thirty-five, Yugoslavia in twelve and Greece in five.

Was this rapidity of conquest unforeseeable? Not to a clairvoyant mind. In 1936, in one of my books I wrote: "If the enemy's land forces cannot be stopped, then, even under existing conditions, it is possible for mechanized arms to overrun a country such as France, Germany or Poland, in a fortnight." Again, did it really need one naval disaster after another to prove that the battleship was obsolescent? In face of rising air power, in 1937 it seemed so patent to me that, in another book, I wrote: "Bomb-power is the key, because air-carried bombs vastly out-range gun-fired shells." Therefore, "it follows that naval warfare will be very different from what it was in 1914-18." Surely, this should have been obvious to a blind bat, yet it was not!

WHEN we turn to World War II, unlike the opening phase of World War I, we find each belligerent only too eager to rope in the scientist and inventor. The result was a veritable spate of inventions, but for the greater part unco-ordinated. Stimulated by the demands of each Service and undirected by a single brain which could see the war as a whole, they led at times to a vast misuse of manpower and resources.

Of the more revolutionary of these inventions, the development of radar is of particular interest, because it was the direct outcome of collaboration between scientists and the General Staff. Some years previous to the war, at a meeting between British scientists and Air Staff Officers, Viscount Swinton, then Secretary of State for Air, asked the question: "What would be the greatest revolution in air warfare?" Whereupon an Air Staff Officer replied: "I think the greatest revolution would be if we could know where an aircraft was a quarter of an hour before it got here." "That seized all our imaginations," writes Lord Swinton, "the more we thought of it the greater we saw would be the advantages." The problem was given to Mr. Robert Watson-Watt to solve. This he did in 1937 with remarkable success, and thereby revolutionized air tactics. It is highly probable that without radar the R.A.F. would have lost the Battle of Britain.

Glancing back on the whole war, it now becomes clearly apparent that the weak link between science and the General Staff was not lack of inventiveness, but lack in priority of inventions. And in the main this was due to the direction of the war being in the hands of a Combined General Staff—in contra-distinction to a single War Staff—composed of officers who, having served in either the navy, army or air force, were unable to transcend their departmental outlooks. This, I think, was particularly true of British and American Air Force officers, who for years had preached the doctrine that wars could be won by air power alone. It was the antagonism between the priorities which was at the bottom of the trouble—too many heads and no single brain. The Combined General Staff was in fact a Cerberus or a Hydra.

Had there been one brain—that is, could the Staff Chiefs have divorced themselves from their individual and departmental points of view—the first question this brain would have asked itself was: "What is *the* problem?" Not merely: "What is *my* problem?" but "What is *the* problem of each belligerent?" Then it would have been seen that each problem was governed by a number of special conditions—geographical position, resources, speed, space, time, etc.

In attempting to explain what I mean by "*the* problem," the reader must bear in mind that what follows is merely illustrative of the answer and is in no way complete, because in the space at my disposal I cannot do more than touch the fringe of two of *the* problems.

IN Germany, centrally placed as she was, it was to avoid a two-front war. To overrun Western Europe including Britain—the centre of gravity of the war—in a minimum time, and, then, when once free from the danger of attack in the West, to right about turn and by defeating the Russian

armies either dissolve the Soviet Union or force Russia to peace.

On the one hand there was the historic difficulty of crossing a narrow stretch of water—the English Channel—and on the other the historic difficulty of crossing a vast stretch of land—the Russian steppes. Should the crossing of the first be long delayed, England might become too strong to warrant invasion. If the Russian armies could not be prevented retiring into their vastnesses, the strain placed on German communications might be so great that, stretched out like a piece of elastic, the invasion might snap. Therefore, long before the war, it should have been apparent to the German Combined General Staff that their crucial problem was a two-fold one: How to cross the English Channel and next how to cross the plains of Russia *in a minimum time*. It was a problem of mobility.

What happened? Instead of concentrating on building specially designed landing craft and cross-country supply vehicles and asking science to assist in solving these two problems, the German Combined General Staff took up the war where it had been dropped in 1918, and better prepared to fight a 1919 war than any of their enemies, their armies were eminently successful so long as 1919 conditions prevailed. But after the fall of France they no longer did, for then the German armies were faced by the historic problem—the crossing of the English Channel; which, had they possessed the means of crossing it, might well have brought the war in the West to a decisive conclusion before 1940 was out. Lacking these means, whatever might happen in the air, the invasion was bunkered, and the centre of gravity of the war remained intact.

In Russia the German initial advance to Smolensk — two-thirds of the way to Moscow—in twenty-five days, was as rapid as had been the race over Holland, Belgium and France. At Smolensk a halt of nearly six weeks occurred—why? Though there were several reasons, one stands out clearly. Their armoured forces outran their communications, because in the main their supply columns consisted of wheeled vehicles which could not keep pace with a cross-country advance. Had these columns been composed of cross-country vehicles, this difficulty would have been overcome, and the high probability is that, had it been, Moscow would have been occupied before winter set in, and Moscow was not only the political capital of Russia, but also the hub of the Russian railroad system—the heart of Russian mobility.

NEXT, I will turn to the Anglo-American problem. In Europe it was very similar to the German western problem, and in the Pacific to the German eastern problem. On the one hand it was to cross the English Channel and on the other to cross vast sea instead of vast land spaces. It was also a problem of mobility; therefore of transportation—landing craft and supply aircraft in place of cross-country vehicles. Should the crossing of the Atlantic and Channel be delayed, Russia might be forced out of the war, an event which might well result in such an increase of German strength in Western Europe that an invasion of the Continent would become impracticable. Also in the Pacific, if the Japanese navy and air force could not be prevented turning the vastness of the Pacific into a manœuvring area, as the Russians were able to do with their steppes, the war in the Far East might go on for years.

Therefore, if not before the war, anyhow shortly after it started, it should have been apparent that the two main problems were the crossing of the English Channel and the crossing of the Pacific *in the minimum of time*.

What happened? Instead of concentrating on building landing craft and transport aircraft, the British and American Combined General Staffs put their main effort into building bomber aircraft. Yet, ultimately, it was landing craft and transport aircraft and not bomber aircraft which above all other means were the decisive factors. Important though it may have been, though I doubt it, the destruction of German industry and civil morale was not *the* problem. *The* problem was the occupation and not the obliteration of Germany. *The*

problem is always a problem of mobility, and destruction is never more than *a* problem of how to enhance or impede mobility. Between 1942 and the end of the war, a superabundance of evidence shows that the so-called strategic bombing of Central Europe and Japan, by absorbing so vast a quantity of manpower and materials actually delayed the development of mobility, which could and would have been enhanced had a substantial portion of these resources been allotted to the development of the means of mobility.

LOOKING back on the war as a whole, its most obvious lesson—ever new to the military mind—was the ancient one that fighting forces must be integrated as well as concentrated if the maximum mobility and striking power are to be obtained. No single arm or weapon won the war, or could have won the war, not excluding the atomic bomb. But whereas concentration is a physical process, integration should start as a mental process in the mind of the General Staff. And, unless it does so, the principle of economy of force will inevitably be violated.

An equally important lesson, but a less apparent one, was that, in this scientific age, each major operation of war is a novel operation, an operation which, if it is to be economically undertaken, demands an instrument specially built to solve it.

The days of general purposes armies are drawing to a close, if not already closed. Such organizations are static in conception and conservative in outlook, and in a progressive age are normally completely out of date when most needed—in war. They are Jacks of all trades and masters of none. In contradistinction to them, three of the most remarkable creations of World War II were the sea-army under Admiral Nimitz to defeat the vastness of the Pacific; the air-army under General Slim to overcome the jungles of Burma, and the triphibious force, accompanied by its ports of disembarkation, under General Eisenhower to span the English Channel. It is in these operations—now normal and no longer exceptional—that the scientist, technician and inventor step into the breach which nearly always exists between plan, means and execution, and by their inventive genius span the tactical and administrative gaps. Never once did they fail to do so.

Therefore, in this scientific age, it is the planners—the General Staff—which should most concern us. They also must become scientifically-minded, and as Thomas Henry Huxley once affirmed, science is nothing other than common sense. Once a war is ended, the single duty of a General Staff is mentally, if not physically, to prepare for the next war, indeed, it has no other *raison d'être*.

IN England, after World War I, it was postulated that there would be no major conflicts for ten years. This was the poppy cake which sent the British Cerberus—the Combined Chiefs of Staff—to sleep. This time, and after the most calamitous war since the barbarians burst into Europe in the fourth and fifth centuries, what do we read? "In framing their plans the Service heads are working on the assumption that there will be no major war in the foreseeable future." A conclusion "based on an analysis of the world political, economic and military situation." * Should this be true, then the poppy cake of 1919 has been doubly dosed with opium.

Anyhow, should it be true, it follows that the Chiefs of Staff will have ample time wherein to reform themselves, and of all reforms the most vital is to establish unity of thought within and between themselves. For without it there can be no true unity of action in the field. The second, and, indeed, equally important reform, is the cultivation of imagination. So long ago as January, 1919, in my memorandum, "The Secret of Victory," I wrote:

"In the past the General Staff has dealt chiefly with military metaphysics, in future it will have to deal mainly with military mechanics. In the past a staff officer graduate examined in microscopic detail Jackson's Valley Campaign. Most interesting, but scarcely sufficient; for in future he

* *Evening Standard*, 17th September, 1947.

will have to examine the foundations of victory from the days of Ramses II to those of Marshal Foch. As regards tools, he will have to know what the *sarissa* meant to Alexander's hoplites; why the Roman legions disappeared before the *francisca* and the Gothic lance; how it was that armour reinstituted cavalry and rendered infantry for the time being obsolete; why it was that gunpowder was the creator of manœuvre and the reintroducer of the spade; and how it was that petrol, a fluid, restricted gunpowder, a solid. He must study the Scottish Acts of Parliament of the fifteenth century regarding war-carts, and the Chinese tactics as to the manœuvre of machines very similar to tanks many hundreds of years B.C. He must study both modern engineering journals and old prints of hundreds of years ago, depicting flame-throwers and gas bombs; these will set vibrating brain-waves which awaken new design. He must study the evolution of weapons, in fact, he must become an adept in war tool biology. This is scientific preparation for war, the rest is one per cent."

NEVERTHELESS, in planning for war, the General Staff Officer is not a free agent. He is the instrument of his government, because war is a political act. Therefore, unless the government has a clear-cut idea of what its political aim is, its General Staff will have the greatest difficulty in preparing for the type of war which will most economically and effectively create the military conditions needed to render the political aim attainable. Should the political aim be purely destructive, as were the British and American aims in the recent war, then, perforce, the General Staff must think in the terms of destruction—in bigger and bigger bombs. Should it, however, be constructive—that is, should the government concerned have taken General Sherman's words to heart, that "the legitimate object of war is a more perfect peace," then the General Staff must think in very different terms; for a world reduced to rubble is clearly no solution.

Should a constructive war be decided upon, and in a sane world there can be no other type, then the General Staff must realize that the strategic object in war is not obliteration, but instead occupation of the enemy's country. Therefore, that the linchpin of all its thoughts is mobility, and that destruction is actually a hindrance unless it enhances mobility.

With this pivotal idea in its mind, it must plan its next war, and it must plan it both for the present and for the future—that is for fighting instruments as they are, and fighting instruments as they may have to become within foreseeable circumstances.

The General Staff must, therefore, be an organ comparable to the management of any great business. An organ concerned not only with maintenance and discipline, but above all with service, and to serve it must keep itself up to date. Every special problem, actual or problematical, must be dealt with by a special section or committee of the General Staff, which should constantly review the problem in the light of scientific and industrial progress, turning over to inventors, scientists and technicians the specifications of the weapons and means it wants invented or developed so that in war the highest mobility with the greatest economy of force may be attained. Imagination, Specification, Invention; in these three words lurks the whole problem and its answer.

NINETTE DE VALOIS AND THE SADLER'S WELLS BALLET

By VIVIENNE BENNETT *

NINETTE DE VALOIS AS "BARABEAU"

NINETTE DE VALOIS' creation, the Sadler's Wells Ballet, interests me specially because I am a working actress who used to be a dancer. These glancing notes have the vices and virtues of a near but intermittent view.

G. K. Chesterton says the critics of Dickens would have made the colossal novels differently; gentler, more violent, less sentimental, less grotesque, anyway not as they are. Just as the critics of the Creator spelt with a capital C would have made the world differently. But, says Mr. Chesterton, the grumblers disregard one large simple fact—they could not have written the novels any more than they could have created the world. The organization of the Sadler's Wells Ballet is criticized, but the few grumblers seem to forget that it might not have existed. There was no reason why England should suddenly develop a national ballet company. No Czar or Government Department said: "We will have an English Ballet, here is money, an endowment, premises; go ahead, this shall be." Now we

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can take it or leave it, but it might much more easily not have been there to take. It exists now entirely because more than twenty years ago a young dancer determined that it should.

NINETTE DE VALOIS puzzled people in the nineteen-twenties. She had succeeded Phyllis Bedells as the most successful English dancer, she was a soloist for Diaghileff, but she was not satisfied. Her approach to dancing was serious, classical; she thought in terms of a company, a group of dancers with unity of style, and that meant a school. It meant The Academy of Choreographic Art at Roland Houses, started in 1926.

From then until now Ninette de Valois has always run a school of dance behind her public performances, but not till last autumn did England achieve what the great Continental State Theatres have always had—a school where a sound general education is combined with specialized training for the ballet. On 29th September, 1947, the Sadler's Wells School was opened. The prospectus is interesting. There is a reproduction of Sir William Rothenstein's drawing of Miss Baylis with her honours thick upon her—"Lilian Baylis, C.H., M.A. (Hon. Oxon.), LL.D (Hon. Birmingham). The Old Vic and Sadler's Wells (obit. 1937)." There is a list of the Board of Governors, a photograph of Sadler's Wells Theatre and of the School building, and we read "Under the direct supervision of Miss Ninette de Valois, C.B.E." There is a long triumphant history to be written of the development from the first Academy in Kensington subsidized by the earnings of one solo dancer to the partly State-supported school at Colet Gardens, (there is a grant from the Arts Council which can be used for the school or for the second Ballet Company at Sadler's Wells). The building was bought with profits made by the first Company, and when we read, "The school fees have been fixed by the Governors at a figure made possible by the provision of funds from other sources," it is evident that the school is subsidized by the popular success of the Sadler's Wells Company. Money and wisdom flow into the school from the Company, and young talent properly trained circulates back to the first Company at Covent Garden and to the subsidiary Company, "The Opera Ballet," at Sadler's Wells Theatre.

BUT the doubts and uncertainties of 1926 were hideous. I remember Madame Zanfretta being dug out of retirement to give Madame Lopokova and Ninette de Valois private lessons. Her reaction was typical. I remember the old dancer's irritation and lack of understanding of Ninette's embryo Academy ("The Trouble" she called it). Zanfretta had no patience with a young woman possessed of "ballerina's legs" who had larger ambitions than to be a brilliant executant. The income of the school was high, but at first the expenses were quite as high. Everything Ninette de Valois earned and all her time were invested in the school, her large salary from *Whitebirds* (a huge, smart revue at His Majesty's in which she danced with Anton Dolin) disappeared—to pay first-class pianists for rehearsals, to convert an extra class-room, to dress experimental ballets. And then, when the school was prosperous, when Sadler's Wells Theatre was about to be built, when there was some idea of starting a very small permanent Ballet Company, only to provide ballets for the operas, she gave the school, her pupils and their fees, to Miss Lilian Baylis and Sadler's Wells unconditionally, and Ninette de Valois accepted the appointment as Director of the new company of eight dancers with one full evening performance of dancing in the first season, plus the opera interludes and an occasional curtain-raiser. For that first season the Director had no salary, but after all expenses of the one dancing performance were paid, £84 remained. Miss Baylis gave half of this to the Sadler's Wells Opera Company and half to her new collaborator—£42 for that crucial first six months work, and that came as an act of grace, an honorarium, a present, a tip. The one job Ninette de Valois kept to live on was the dance-teaching at Heathfield School.

Ninette de Valois' early choreographic success, *Job*, the Blake ballet with music by

Vaughan Williams and settings by Gwen Raverat was produced for the Camargo Society in 1931. It was probably the greatest success of the new ballets commissioned by them, and when the Society was wound up the costumes and scenery of *Job* were given to Ninette de Valois personally. As usual, she gave them without royalty or reservation to Sadler's Wells, which made it possible for *Job*, properly dressed and set, to go into the repertoire, an extravagance the Company could not have afforded for years in the tough days of 1932.

"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY" ACT II. "THE VISION SCENE"

In *Beyond Good and Evil* Nietzsche says: "What is essential and invaluable in every system of morals, is that it is a long constraint . . . the singular fact remains that everything of the nature of freedom, elegance, boldness, dance and masterly certainty, which exists or has existed, whether it be in thought itself, or in administration, or in speaking and persuading, in art just as in conduct, has only developed by means of the tyranny of such arbitrary law—there should be long obedience in the same direction; there thereby results and has always resulted in the long run something which has made life worth living; for instance, virtue, art, music, dancing, reason, spirituality—anything whatever that is transfiguring, refined, foolish, or divine."

When the philosopher speaks of a "long constraint", "obedience to arbitrary laws", he might be speaking of the strenuous, boring severity of "side and centre" practice. When I see a ballerina smoothly covering the stage in an "effortless" *bourrée*, when I see the soft relaxed arms of the corps de ballet floating in "Sylphides", and know the steeliness of the thighs under those airy *tutus*, I think of that passage, and of all the old argument of technique versus inspiration —as if there should be any argument between the two, as if art could ever exist except by the harmonious combination of both. This is what Ninette de Valois

understands. An admiring theatre manager said: "That Ballet runs on Ninette's *character*", but it runs on the combination of her character and her brains. Creative intelligence is the product of the two.

IF discipline is essential for the individual dancer, corporate discipline is essential for a company. Complicated, strong, delicate work cannot get done if temperaments are ramping, rages and jealousies are stand." The inflammation of the ego seems to be essential, the grain of sand in the oyster that sometimes results in a pearl—however well it is kept in order the dangerous element is there. The qualities of mind and heart to lead a band of these people, to keep them together in peace so that work may get done, are rare and wonderful.

I stumbled on a sample of the qualities I mean in Ninette de Valois in Brussels during

"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY" ACT I. MARGOT FONTEYN AS PRINCESS AURORA

parading naked, if your leading artists can make any unfair terms because they are irreplaceable. I love the workers in the theatre, but after earning my living as one of them for twenty-five years I know their faults. Sir Cedric Hardwicke once said, in that peaceful phlegmatic voice, "Oh, we're all diseased, or we shouldn't be at this game. We're exhibitionists. We have inflamed egos." W. H. Auden advises for the artist "as much neurosis as he can the war, in 1945. The Ballet were performing at the huge Garrison Music Hall. That bitter winter there was only one train a day run from Brussels to Paris and that had to do for everyone, except the very, very important persons who could be flown. It was a nightmare train. It left Brussels at eight p.m. and reached Paris any time it thought it would— eight, nine or ten o'clock the following morning. There were very few sleepers, and sometimes no

heating. Beastly as it was, space was rationed, and the Sadler's Wells Company of about eighty people had to travel in two halves, dancing in Brussels on Saturday and opening in Paris as soon as possible the following week. One in ten of the Company could have sleepers. The forty dancers were travelling on the Sunday night so that they could rest their legs before the Paris opening, the forty orchestra (and Ninette de Valois) on the Monday night because their legs did not matter particularly. But who, who, were to have the sleepers? To decide the four most important people out of a star company would have taxed the judgment of Solomon. Would priority be decided by age, sex or artistic eminence? Fascinated by the problem, I asked Ninette de Valois, half expecting her to say: "It's too difficult—don't speak of it—we shall have to ballot," or some such despairing cry. But her face remained calm and bright like a fine day: "Oh my dear, that's easy—the stage staff will have to work as soon as the train gets in—our own travelling electrician, carpenter and stage-managers have the sleepers—but the stars can go to their hotels and sleep all day when they get in." After a moment of awed silence I asked who was sleeping of the forty orchestra on the Monday night. "Oh, my dear, such good luck—that might have been difficult to settle, but there are just four players over sixty." That seems to me the sort of justice, rightness, common sense raised to a power, that has beauty. It is so right, so perfect, that it looks *easy*.

"It was ever yet the trick of our English nation, if they had a good thing to make it too common," Falstaff says, but it sometimes seems to me that the management of Sadler's Wells, having a good English thing, are inclined to keep it too private. I don't mean their Press agents are bad. I think the attitude of reserve, of stoic dignity, is carried almost too far, and that this is inspired consciously or unconsciously by the Director. When Diaghileff was touring in Germany, "Florestan and his Two Sisters," the *pas de trois* from "Aurora's Wedding," was danced by Ninette de Valois, Nikitina and Lifar. Ninette danced the pizzicato and created a sensation. The greatest demonstration was in Berlin, where her solo literally stopped the performance—the wit of the choreography, the charm of the young dancer, possibly her exquisite legs, made the crowded house wild with delight—the audience cheered and cheered, the ballet was held up while the soloist took perhaps eight calls. Even Ninette was elated, thrilled, touched by this success, but immediately afterwards she met Diaghileff looking thunderous—"You danced well, very well, but Mademoiselle, this is an opera house, not a music hall." That sort of reproof to someone with a supersensitive artistic conscience may have made Ninette de Valois ever afterwards too anxious to keep out of the lime-light, too determined to let criticism remain unanswered.

As far as the public are concerned she leaves triumphs and failures to explain themselves. Sometimes the triumphs are accepted by the audience as good luck and usually the failures are put down to the Director. What is that verse in the Koran,—"When good fortune falls, they say, This is from Allah, but when ill fortune comes they say, This is from thee, O Mohammed" ?

HOW many people know that Ninette de Valois has been asked to organize a School of National Ballet by the Turkish Government, that she has been asked to produce *The Rake's Progress* in Prague? Have we any other artistic exportable asset to touch the Sadler's Wells Ballet—unless it be the operas of Benjamin Britten? Do we know about the enthusiasm for the Ballet on their late Continental tour? They followed the Soviet Ballet in Prague and the enthusiasm at the end of ballets like *The Rake's Progress* was so great that dancers were almost afraid to take their calls—it was like stepping in front of an enormous furnace—the volume of cheering and stamping from a large house over-full, made people who were bowing to the storm of applause burst into tears.

In every city the Company played to capacity . . . this also meant that all standing room that the firemen would allow to be

sold was sold. On the sides of the stage it was so packed with people—artists of the local theatre were allowed to stand on the side—that it was difficult for the dancers to get on the stage.

In Oslo the seats were sold out in six hours—when the booking opened at nine in the morning over a thousand people had been queueing all through the night. Standing room was sold at a pound a head. The King of Norway came to the opening night in Oslo and received Miss Fonteyn and Mr. Ashton later in the week at the palace. In Malmo not only the people of Malmo filled the theatre but people were coming in large numbers from Stockholm and Copenhagen. They ran special boats from Copenhagen to carry the people to the theatre. The entire National Ballet of Stockholm came down one night, and another night the National Ballet of Denmark.

In Warsaw the theatre was sold out in a few hours and people who could not see the Company in Warsaw journeyed to Poznan in order to see them. The police had to be called out to control the crowds.

I saw the sort of enthusiasm they evoked in Brussels in 1945—they danced first to English troops in the big Garrison Theatre, a few privileged Belgians of course were invited to performances. The Belgian Government had invited them to dance Sunday night performances in the beautiful Monnaie Theatre, the State Opera House. This was coldly received as an idea by the artistic audience of Brussels, but before the first week, for troops only, was over, the news of their brilliance had leaked through to civilian Brussels, the vast Monnaie was sold out for all performances before they opened, and there was (typically of Brussels) a flourishing black market going on in the square outside the theatre where reserved seats were being re-sold at sometimes twice their high official price.

If I seem to harp on such things as popular and financial success, it is because I want you to recall the precise conditions in which this Company started in contrast with its present achievement—the Company of eight and one evening of dancing in six months, in 1933, and now "The Sleeping Beauty" at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden—employing eighty-five people in its performance; a Company appearing to large audiences for thirty-four weeks in the year; a subsidiary Company, and a school with full secondary education and a hundred and fifty students accepted from three hundred applicants. Lilian Baylis understood and loved her collaborator and expressed her gratification in one of her best phrases—cocking an eye towards the stage during an excellent performance of ballet in 1935, she nodded towards Ninette de Valois—"I'm a very ignorant old woman, dear, but God willing, I always know who knows."

THE CASTLE

ALL through that summer at ease we lay,
And daily from the turret wall
We watched the mowers in the hay
And the enemy half a mile away.
They seemed no threat to us at all.

For what, we thought, had we to fear
With our arms and provender, load on load,
Our towering battlements, tier on tier,
And friendly armies drawing near
On every leafy summer road.

Our gates were strong, our walls were thick,
So smooth and high, no man could win
A foothold there, no clever trick
Could take us, have us dead or quick.
Only a bird could have got in.

What could they offer us for bait?
Our captain was brave and we were true. . . .
There was a little private gate,
A little wicked wicket gate.
The wizened warder let them through.

Oh then our maze of tunnelled stone
Grew thin and treacherous as air.
The cause was lost without a groan,
The famous citadel overthrown,
And all its secret galleries bare.

How can this shameful tale be told?
I will maintain until my death
We could do nothing, being sold;
Our only enemy was gold,
And we had no arms to fight it with.

EDWIN MUIR.

TYROLEAN TOUR : 1948

By JOHN BRADSHAW

THERE are not many frontiers in Europe that present such a contrast as the high line of the Stelvio Pass which separates the Italian population of the Valtellina from the Austrians of South Tyrol. The division is absolute; for on one side there are Latins and Lombard campaniles, whilst on the other a traveller only meets with Teutons and the soaring Gothic spires of the North. It is a change that a marching man can best appreciate; and when I came walking this way early in July, the comfortable pace of a steady tramp helped to give me an insight into the very different characteristics of the two peoples divided by the great ridges of the Ortler Group. Throughout the journey along the Valtellina it was evident that I was still in Italy, although the more reserved habits of the people and the many foreign words of their dialect warned me that I was moving through one of the Northern marches. From Lake Como to the foot of the Ortlers the valley was Italian in race, language, and culture; but after crossing the mountains that shut in the Valtellina from the North, it was clear that I had left the South behind me, and had entered the old Austrian land of South Tyrol.

It is true that Italy obtained the 2,900 square miles of this small country by the Treaty of St. Germain, and that the population of 260,000 are now all Italian citizens; but once across the Stelvio Pass I knew that, in spite of the many Italian signs and the frequent appearance of *carabinieri*, I was in an Austrian land. The men who passed me on the road wore the short *Lederhosen* of the mountaineers, whilst the crucifix that hung in the main room of every *Gasthaus* gave a reminder of the piety which has distinguished this people ever since St. Boniface converted the Bavarian tribes to the Christian faith. Inns and wine-shops dotted the road with a most unpuritanical regularity, that was very pleasing to a solitary traveller whose thirst tended to increase in proportion to the heat and dust of the journey. Whenever I entered a *Gasthaus* to drink *ein Viertel Wein* there would always be a large dish of hard-boiled eggs on every table to remind me of the hardships endured by an industrial country that does not grow its own food. The wine was excellent, the food good, cheap and abundant, whilst the cost of a night's rest varied from the heavy bills of the great hotels in the Cortina area to the ridiculously small charges of a modest *Gasthaus*. Wherever possible I avoided the large tourist caravanserais, preferring the far more interesting company to be found in a small inn; and arriving there after a long day's march, I would usually obtain a substantial three-course dinner, a bed for the night, and a breakfast of wine and cheese for an average cost of six to eight shillings. In this way the months of July and August passed all too quickly, as I tramped along through the valleys of South Tyrol, mixing with Tyrolers and Italians in all the towns and villages from the Vintschgau to the Pustertal.

FROM the first day when I came tramping down from the mountains it was impossible to mistake the attitude of the Tyrolers; and from the outset it was clear that a profound political difference gave strength to their racial distinction from the other inhabitants of Italy. Indeed, their manner changed as soon as ever they learnt that I was not Italian, and they would talk freely with me, saying that they wished to return to Austria, that they wanted complete autonomy, or that they desired to have no connections with Italy. "Yes", they would say, "it is true that we are no longer beaten for wearing Tyroler costumes, and that we no longer have to send our children to the Italian school. But, *um Gottes Willen*, we are not Italian, and we have no desire to be Italian". This attitude was amply confirmed by the faded slogans daubed on the village walls along the highroad to Meran. Some proclaimed their constantly repeated desire

with the phrase—"South Tyrol back to Austria", and others showed a large arrow that pointed due South with the advice—"Italians this way". But far more numerous than the slogans were the placards of the South Tyrolese *Volkspartei* which called on all Tyrolers to vote "*für Heimat und Glauben*" in the Italian general election of 1948. Even this evidence of a considerable change in the Italian attitude towards South Tyrol did not seem to impress those whom I encountered on the way to Meran; and I rarely met anyone who believed that the restoration of their electoral rights was a sincere act on the part of the Italian government. "Members of parliament will not bring us back to Austria" they would say, or, like a doctor near Meran, they thought that "the Italians will always try to rule us as a foreign people, and will never leave us to ourselves".

In Meran, however, I saw enough to convince me that the Italian government has continued with the reforms introduced by A.M.G. There were German-speaking schools everywhere, the *Volkspartei* had five members in the Italian parliament, and the German language, suppressed by Mussolini, had re-appeared on all public notices. But these acts of elementary justice have done little to endear the Italian government to the population of South Tyrol, and almost everyone I met was more than ready to explain why the Tyrolers dislike and distrust their present rulers. The dislike was partly nourished by a memory of the long, dark night under Fascism, and was particularly strong among all who had been compelled to attend the Italian schools. It was easy to understand how such a dislike could not die out easily; for no one who lived through all the brutalities and injustices of the denationalization campaign could possibly forget the misery inflicted on this small country after Mussolini had announced his intention of making them more Italian than the Italians themselves. First, they had lost the German-speaking schools; then their newspapers had been suppressed; and in 1926, with Mussolini's slogan of "Italianize more rapidly" the campaign had moved on to ban Tyroler costumes, the singing of Austrian songs, even depriving the children of their Christmas trees, and the dead of an inscription in their own language.

THESE memories are still alive and they affect the outlook of most Tyrolers, whilst the behaviour of the Italian government since the departure of A.M.G. has increased their dislike and suspicion. Indeed, there are many who believe that the old Fascist policy continues behind a Byzantine facade of fair words unfulfilled. "The Italians have given us nothing", said a young Meraner, "for the German schools were restored when the Nazis occupied the land in 1943, and the Allies brought in the decree that gave us back our language. The government has merely carried on where your people finished". It was the general opinion, and as I marched along through the fertile lands of the Etschtal towards Bozen, I came on others who spoke in similar terms. Some of them had voted for Germany in the election of 1939, when, as a result of an agreement between Hitler and Mussolini, the population was given the monstrous choice of either opting for emigration to the Reich or for remaining in Italy, with the prospect of a thorough Italianization. To a layman such a forced choice appears invalid, and one would imagine that a just government would restore the *status quo ante:* but the Italian parliament continues to recognize the validity of the 1939 election, and has introduced a law compelling all optants for Germany to make formal application for the recovery of their Italian citizenship. This has only served to confirm Tyrolers in their distrust of the government; for as a priest pointed out "most of those who voted for Germany were not Nazis, but they voted German because they hated Italy. My people now have to write to the Italian prefect if they wish to recover their citizenship, and from what we have seen we believe it is just a way of getting rid of Tyrolers they don't like". It was easy to confirm his statement, since I later discovered that the entire machinery of the Optants' Commission was in Italian hands. Tyrolers appearing before this Commission are examined by a panel of three Italian judges, who have charged

several applicants with making propaganda for the *Volkspartei*, a democratic party founded after the war, and supported by almost all Tyrolers. "Take the case of *Herr* Plattner and *Herr* Staffler" said a Bozner, "they are elected to the municipal council of Bozen in July. What happens? Two days later they get a letter from the prefect refusing their request for Italian citizenship. *Verstehen Sie*? They want to remove our leaders so that they can have their own way up here". His facts were on record, and bore examination; but what I found even more convincing was his refusal to let his name be quoted in the foreign Press. "*Nein, mein Lieber*", he said, "if the Italians see my name, their paper, the *Alto Adige*, will say that I have no right to be an Italian citizen; and what will happen to me then"? In fact no Tyroler would ever give me permission to print his name; for although Italians are free to air the most anti-Italian views to foreign journalists, the Tyrolers had no desire to see their names quoted above their opinions, since they all believed that the Italian Press would seize on their grievances in order to attack them.

The local Italian Press and the Italians whom Mussolini brought to South Tyrol are undoubtedly one of the chief causes of the friction between the two peoples. Up to 1919 there had never been more than 7,000 Italians out of a total population of 250,000; but when Mussolini began his campaign for the denationalization of South Tyrol, he brought up as many Italians as possible in order to squeeze out the Tyrolers. The results can be seen in Bozen to-day, where the *Volkspartei* gained 9,000 votes in the municipal election of July, whilst 29,000 votes went to the six Italian parties, although before 1919 there were only 1,600 Italians out of a total population of 30,000. Inevitably a large number of the Italians who entered the country after 1919 were drawn from the worst elements in Italy. For the most part they were landless men and careerist who sought to make their fortunes at a time when nationalism paid a rich dividend and provided that they were ready to cry "*Viva l'Italia fino al Brennero*" they could be sure that they would never go hungry. For twenty years they lived in the country amid all the furies of the Italianization campaign which taught them to hate and despise the native population. They are still there to-day; and although they will now speak German if they are civil servants, the old attitude is rooted too deep to be removed overnight. For anyone who knows the unfailing courtesy and humanity of the average Italian, it is a striking contrast to note the frequent rudeness and arrogance that is a characteristic of many Italians in South Tyrol. This difference has been noted with displeasure by the Italians of the neighbouring provinces, who will often express their dislike for "those who came here in 1919". A Tyroler, who often visits Rome on business, put the matter very well when he said "I like the Italians, and away from South Tyrol I get on very well with them; but it is impossible to live with many of the ones up here. For them I am just another *Tedesco* who will not become Italian, and I am therefore to be treated like a foreigner in my own country".

BUT it is far better to let the Italians speak for themselves, and quote the opinions of those I met in the border provinces of Trent and Belluno; for whenever I strayed outside the boundaries of South Tyrol I was sure to come upon Italians who talked of "the good days under Austria". On the first journey into the province of Belluno I crossed the San Pellegrino Pass in the company of an old Italian peasant, who talked regretfully of the time when he had been an Austrian citizen. "But what an order, what a government we had then", he cried, "The Austrians ruled the land with a handful of gendarmes, and now we have a whole legion of *carabinieri*". On another occasion I chose to march South along the Via Tonale in the province of Trent. It was an interesting journey, for although the people are all Italians they will often greet a person with the Austrian *Servus* in place of their own *Buon Giorno*. Many of those whom I met along the road would make a distinction between the Trentino and the rest of Italy, saying that they had no wish to be ruled by Southerners from Rome, and that they

wanted as little connection as possible with the central government. With almost all of them it was a memory of an honest Austrian administration and a dislike for the corrupt bureaucracy imported by Fascism that made them talk of "freedom from the central government".

The attitude of Giovanni Ravinelli of Mezzana was a fair illustration of the general opinion. As I passed by his house on the way to Ponte di Legno, he looked up from his gardening to ask me who I was. My Italian accent aroused his suspicion, and he cried out that I must be German. When I denied the charge and began to move on, he came running from the house and seized my arm, crying out in German "of course you are a Tyroler. Be proud of it, man!" My real nationality startled him even more and he led me back to the house, very curious to know what I was doing in his part of the world.

Ravinelli was an old man, and had served with the Austrian *Kaiserjäger* in the first world war. He spoke fluent German, and in that language he explained that although he was "of pure Italian blood" he hated the Italian administration. "They are rogues all of them, come up from Naples and the South to make their fortunes at our expense". For him, as for many other Trentini, the old Austrian civil service was a golden memory of efficient and honest administrators who governed the country with a fraction of the number employed to-day. It was, therefore, not surprising to hear him wish that the Trentino might once again be ruled by Austria, or might at least obtain enough freedom to run its own affairs. Such an outlook was the reaction of an honest man when faced with the general corruption of the Italian administration in these parts, since the public services are so poorly paid that those who direct them are often obliged to make a little money "on the side". In Bozen, for example, it is notorious that no claim for war damages will ever appear on the desk of the Civil Engineer unless the clerks have had their promise of ten per cent. This, of course, is the direct result of *miseria* and a long history of Fascist administration which only asked that a man should be a fervent member of the Party. The Tyrolers, however, are far too exasperated to look on it as a curable malady, and every fresh demand inevitably adds to their dislike of the present administration.

THE intolerant nationalism of the Italians in South Tyrol appears at its worst in the Italian Press, which is only too ready to seize on any incident that will discredit the Tyrolers. In the early days after the liberation, the *Alto Adige* attacked the Prince bishop of Brixen, a man revered throughout the country, because he had written to *The Times* stating his country's case. Similarly, the Italian papers most unfairly seized on the Tyrolers who had served in the German Army, and endeavoured to prove from their *Wehrmacht* service that all Tyrolers were Nazis, although everyone knows that they were compulsorily transferred from the Italian Army, a fact recognized by the Allied authorities, who erected a large *Entlassungslager* in order to give them their discharge certificates. In more recent times Italian papers in the Trentino and South Tyrol have made bitter attacks on the good name of Dr. Volgger, a deputy of the *Volkspartei* at Montecitorio, writing that he was an S.S. captain at Dachau, when it is well known that he was one of the prominent anti-Nazis and was flung into Dachau by the Gestapo in 1943. In spite of many representations the papers continued their attack, and only ceased when they were found guilty in a libel action brought by Dr. Volgger. But to talk of an unending campaign waged by the Italian Press would be unfair to the Italian papers, since weeks often go by without any incident to disturb the relations between the two peoples; but of a sudden they will burst into print and attack the Tyrolers because of their desire for complete autonomy or their wish to see Tyrolers have a fair share in the provincial organizations.

There are many factors in this troubled situation; but the principle reason that explains the attitude of the Tyrolers is the very obvious fact that they refuse to recognize their conquest by a foreign people, and, as we discovered with the Irish only extermination or complete liberty will provide the

final answer. Ever since the arrival of the Bavarian tribes in the sixth and seventh centuries the inhabitants of South Tyrol have lived in highly organized and co-operative communities that have marked them off even from the other inhabitants of Austria. Almost a thousand years before the unification of Italy, South Tyrol was a political entity, governed by the Prince bishops of Brixen, who held their lands in fee from the German Emperors. Out of the ecclesiastical principality there grew up the one, undivided County of Tyrol, when the "ministerials" of the See of Brixen took their name of *Tirol* from the castle they built on the site of Roman *Teriolis*, near Meran. The *Land Tirol* was already a single country when it passed to Austria on the death of the famous Margarete Maultasche in 1369; and for more than five hundred years it continued under Austria as a single territory, with a large measure of independence, until it passed to Italy in 1919. The Tyrolers are a mountain people, with all the independence of mind and insularity that is a characteristic of men who have to wrest a hard living from the mountain sides. Their history is a long confirmation of their independent spirit; for it is a story of men who have always fought for their liberty, and greatest of them all is the immortal figure of Andreas Hofer. To the Tyrolers he is what Nelson is to the Royal Navy, and in him they see the embodiment of the *Tiroler Geist* and of their traditions as a free people. Thus the Italians face what appears to be an insuperable problem, since they have to deal with a people tied by legend, tradition and history to the *Land Tirol*. The autonomy of South Tyrol is scarcely a solution since it only makes the Treaty of St. Germain a little more tolerable, but does nothing to make the Tyrolers look to Rome and not to Innsbruck.

UNFORTUNATELY the Italian government has given little reason to believe that it has understood the problem; and many of its actions bear out the remark of a Tyrolese doctor that "when it is a question of taxation or military service, we are Italians; but when it is a question of justice and generosity, we are a foreign people not on the same level as Italian citizens". The Italian government faces what is essentially a crisis of faith, since the Tyrolers expect to be treated without discrimination, but find that in many things they are the lesser breed without the law. Where the situation would seem to demand a liberal gesture the government replies with covert hostility or half measures that only add to the general discontent. On some occasions it is undoubtedly a stupid bureaucracy that is at fault, as in the matter of the call-up papers served on Tyrolers who had fought in the German Army. These men came home after six years with the *Wehrmacht* to find that according to Italian law they were foreigners, and were therefore obliged to do their service with the Italian Army. They received their calling-up papers, and it was only after lengthy explanations from the Tyrolese deputies that they were released from this duty. Such pin pricks are always occurring and they lend weight to more formidable charges, such as the case of the Innsbruck students. By a very fair and just agreement between Gruber and De Gasperi, all South Tyrolers were free to attend Austrian universities; but when the Innsbruck students came to apply for their visas in August this year, they found that the exit permits had been cancelled.

In almost every direction the people of South Tyrol see evidence of a policy that they believe only considers the needs and aspirations of Italy. They point to the great Lancia works which the Duce erected outside Bozen in order to increase the numbers of Italians in South Tyrol. The works are most uneconomic since all materials have to be brought from Turin for assembly, and naturally the directors of the Lancia company wish to bring their factory back to Turin. The government, however, has opposed their plan because, the Tyrolers say, the departure of 4,000 Italian workers and their families would mean a considerable drop in the Italian vote. Again there is the question of the housing shortage in Bozen; for although the town is very short of living space the government has signed a decree for the erection of several blocks of flats which will house Italian railway pensioners from other parts of Italy. To a

foreigner such an action is at least curious in view of the housing shortage; to the Tyrolers it is another proof that the government will do anything to strengthen the Italian hold on South Tyrol. But what tends to confirm a foreigner in his acceptance of the Tyrolese argument is the case of Ettore Tolomei. This man was responsible for all the measures of the denationalization campaign, and was the chief agent in the effort to drive the Tyrolers from their homes in 1939. He now lives freely in Rome, restored to his rank of Senator by a Court of Epuration, although as Tyrolers say "men responsible for only a fraction of the misery he caused, have already paid bitterly". Thus the refusal of the Italian government to try this man for his excesses in South Tyrol is a major example to the Tyrolers of what they consider is the insincerity of the government.

SO, as the journey went on through the valleys of South Tyrol all the encounters of a solitary march only served to strengthen the original impression of a profoundly distrustful population. "Once before we saw our liberties vanish in a cloud of words", they said, "and we expect it will happen again". I often spoke with them about the Decree of Autonomy, promulgated in February 1948, since it appeared a fair gesture on the part of the Italian government. Here again many Tyrolers pointed out that it had been extorted from the Italian representatives at Paris, and that there was already talk of repealing some of the articles, especially the important Article 19. This lays down that for the exercise of electoral rights in the autonomous province "a residence of not more than three years may be required". The clause was a promise given to the Tyrolese representatives in their negotiations for autonomy. The government now wishes to cancel the promise, because the thirteen thousand Italians, who have entered South Tyrol since the war, will be unable to vote; and consequently the Tyrolers believe that in this, as in many other things, the government only considers the good of Italy, so that many are convinced if they ever get their autonomy it will be a shadow of the decree signed by De Nicola.

It may well be that, as many Tyrolers say, the Italians who came in with Mussolini are responsible for many of the injustices suffered by the people of South Tyrol. It may well be that much of the trouble derives from the presence of the former prefect, Innocenti, in De Gasperi's *Presidenza del Consiglio*, since he has always been active in opposing any measure that favours the Tyrolers. Time alone will show if the government is sincere in its often repeated desire for "a fair and honest treatment of the non-Italian citizens of Italy". And all good Europeans, who hope that the present Italian government will soon restore the prosperity and good name of their country, can only hope that the statesmen who defend the rights of Italians now under foreign domination, will also be mindful of the rights of South Tyrol now under Italian rule.

DEFENCE, THE MAN-POWER ASPECT

By JOHN BOYD-CARPENTER, M.P.*

THE wishful prophets of the new technocracy have since the turn of the century been busy prophesying that the scientific development of the means of destruction would soon bring about a state of affairs in which war would be an affair of a few bespectacled scientists pushing buttons at each other. Events, with their usual disregard for progressive prophets, have developed in the exactly contrary sense. Wars in this century have been won and lost by nations which have organized for war an ever-increasing proportion of their citizens. The elaboration of weapons so far from diminishing the need for the employment of the brains and muscles of men, has demanded greater and greater use of organized man-power; and, to adopt the unchivalrous ambiguity of the language of statutes, in this context also the masculine embraces the feminine. In this country in particular woman-power was during the late war a large element in man-power. The Ministry of Labour became not the least important of the Service Departments, and its duty of dividing as efficiently as possible the man-power available between the Services, war industry and the maintenance of the life of the community was of major importance in the conduct of the war.

It is therefore particularly unfortunate that in the present emergency the question of the use of man-power in connection with defence has been more neglected than any other defence problem except that of Civil Defence. When the present condition of our defences is compared with that in 1939 it is obvious in many respects that we are, despite the high level of defence expenditure, now worse off both relatively and absolutely. But, potentially, we are in one respect much stronger. We have in civilian life some 5,000,000 men with recent Service training. We have, despite our casualties, still available most of the men who formed the planning staffs and the operational forces which played a great part in grinding into submission the finest military machine the world has ever seen. As a result of the lower casualty rate of the 1939-45 war compared with that of 1918 we have a higher proportion of our man-power trained in the use of arms than we have ever had in all our history. But this immense potential asset is of little value unless and until administrative steps are taken to make use of it. In the swift emergency of modern war, millions of men who do not know where to go and what to do are of little value whatever their personal qualities may be. Many of them now do not know whether they can best serve their country in their present jobs or in the forces. Practically none of them know where to report in an emergency, and what they will be needed for when they do report.

TO turn this mass of man-power into a solid part of our defence system all that is required is a little "planning". It is odd that a government of "planners" with an almost pathological craving to "plan" the private lives and affairs of their fellow-countrymen should fail to "plan" in the sphere in which it is the prime duty of government to plan, that of National Defence. What is needed is that the departments should first bring up to date their records of the present location, physical condition and employment of each demobilized man. As every man whose engagement was for the "emergency" is only temporally released and is liable to recall, there should be no difficulty over this. When the details have been obtained, a Cabinet decision is required as to categories, age groups and employments which it will

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be desirable to call up in war. The men concerned should then be told whether they will be recalled or not and, if they will, where they should report, and to what arm of what Service it is at present proposed to allocate them. If they wish to do a little training of an appropriate kind, or to see the latest manuals on the work of that arm, full opportunity and encouragement should be given. They would also be told to report any change either of address or type of employment.

This information, and the decisions made in the light of it, would enable stocks of uniform and equipment to be collected at the centres at which men would be ordered to report, and in the case of the keener men who wished to do a little refresher training, uniform and equipment could be fitted and allocated to them. On the other side of the picture employers would know whom they would be able to retain and whom they would lose on mobilization. Intelligent employers would then be able to make their plans for reorganization and replacement.

THE advantages of this quite inexpensive method of preparation are patent. There is no reason to assume that we shall, in a future war, be given the long time to prepare which Providence, and the French, gave us in 1939 and 1914. Not only is there the risk of immediate air attack, with its need both for fully manned A.A. Defences and the availability of the military columns which it is understood are part of the Government's Civil Defence plans, but there is also the risk of immediate airborne invasion. Our most likely opponent, on present form, has twenty-five airborne divisions.

There are more detailed steps on the same lines which could be taken at the same time. In the late war the vast majority of the appointments in the vastly expanded staffs of the Army and the R.A.F. were filled by temporary officers. It is clear that in future this would again be necessary. There is no reason why the Military Secretary's branch at the War Office and the equivalent department at the Air Ministry should not work out these staffs on paper and notify the gentlemen concerned. Not only could, in an emergency, these staffs be as a consequence more quickly filled up and operating, but a man who knew that on mobilization he would be, for example, D.A.A.G. of the *N*th Division would have a stimulus to keep abreast of "A" matters, and be more useful more quickly when required.

THERE is another source of man-power which is deliberately neglected at present. That is the friendly alien. Poles in very substantial numbers, Czechs, Jugo-slavs and many others are to be found in this country whose loyalty is indisputable and whose military experience great. Thousands of able-bodied Poles, in particular, with military experience are unemployed despite all the efforts of the Ministry of Labour to place them in work. Both General Sir George Jeffreys and the writer of this article have on several occasions urged the Government to use this splendid reserve of military man-power by instituting a British Foreign Legion. As most of these men have been in this country some time, the linguistic difficulties would be less than those which the French authorities have successfully overcome for many years. The officers should be British, with a sprinkling of key N.C.O.'s; the remaining men foreigners whose reliability was not in doubt. So far the Minister of Defence has given no reason for his refusal of this proposal save to say that it was not the policy of the Government. That is, after all, only negative praise, and it is wholly unreasonable at a time when problems of defence and man-power are so increasingly acute, deliberately to refuse this substantial reinforcement.

And the acuteness of these problems is underlined by the muddle into which the Government have got themselves in connection with our A.A. Defences in this country. Their policy is that the bulk of these defences shall, by reason of the heavy commitments and inadequate strength of the regular army, be manned by the Territorial Army. The Territorial Army itself, it is intended, shall consist of a cadre of enthusiastic volunteers made up to strength by the men called up under the National Service Act after these latter have

completed their period of full-time service under that Act. One consequence of this is that the A.A. Defences cannot be fully manned in any circumstances till at earliest 1950 when the first of the National Service men will reach that stage. This hiatus is profoundly disturbing. But there is also a permanent objection. Under this system the A.A. Defences cannot be properly manned without embodiment of the Territorial Army. At a time of international tension the act of embodying the Territorial Army might well itself precipitate a crisis. Any British Government would therefore be in a dilemma; either it must take a grave risk by leaving the A.A. Defences unmanned, or risk greatly increasing the tension by embodying the Territorial Army. It is easy to see how the Foreign and War Offices might take very different views as to the course to follow. In addition it is at least doubtful whether the elaborate apparatus, radar, etc., with which our A.A. Defences are, it is to be hoped, equipped can be efficiently operated, and still more maintained, by part-time soldiers. And on top of this it would seem particularly unwise to select this sphere for the dubious experiment of mixing volunteer and conscript.

THIS unsatisfactory situation is part of the result of the Government's decision, or rather series of decisions, to introduce compulsory National Service, but only for twelve months' whole-time service. The hardship to the youth of the nation and the dislocation both to education and industry involved in any system of universal compulsory service requires no emphasis. Such a system is only justifiable if it makes a real contribution to national security. Although the National Service Act itself does not come completely into force until the 1st January, 1949, its system is now being applied under Emergency Powers. Its working is manifestly unsatisfactory. Fifty thousand young men due for call-up have not yet been called up because the Services don't want them. From an individual's point of view delayed call-up is rather like a delayed action bomb; it paralyses ordinary activities. The Navy is only taking two thousand National Service men; it has no use for any more. Meanwhile, such parts of the Regular Army and R.A.F. as are not doing garrison or occupation duty abroad are engaged in the heavy task of training a steady flow of conscripts who leave the forces at about the time that they are obtaining some military value. Hence the inability of the regular army to organize and train itself for operations. Hence the paradox of an army of 400,000 which does not contain a single division fully manned, organized and equipped for war. Never, if Mr. Churchill's immortal phrase can be subjected to yet another parody, have so many men been used at such expense and given so little operational strength

Accentuating this sorry state of affairs has been the failure of voluntary recruiting for the regular Army and R.A.F.; the Navy's position is much better. When the Government brought out their new Pay Codes for the Services they contended with much vehemence that these offered, when allowances in kind were taken into account, the equivalent of what a man in Civil life would earn. In fact they do nothing of the sort. The proof of the pudding is the subsequent indigestion, and the failure to obtain recruits is the strongest evidence possible. In the industrial field, where Trade Union pressure operates, the Government have preached continually that better wages and conditions must be offered where it is desired to "man-up" an undermanned industry. They must apply this reasoning to the forces. In order to obtain recruits what is needed is not Field-Marshal Montgomery's bedside lamps or bedside manner, but a big increase in pay, and better accommodation, including in particular, married quarters. And this increase must not be nibbled away by the simultaneous nigglings of the mean little minds of the finance branches of the Service Departments.

IN order to sum up, to obtain the strength which this country must both have and show if early war is to be avoided, certain immediate steps must be taken on the man-power side. The present writer is not competent to discuss the technical and

scientific measures which are also urgently necessary; these are excluded from mention solely for this reason and their irrelevancy to the limited subject matter of this article.

The necessary steps, so far as man-power is concerned, are:

(1) Organization of our reserves of trained man-power so as to make them immediately available in an emergency.

(2) By increases in the pay of the regular forces to stimulate voluntary recruiting.

(3) Reconsideration of the whole system of compulsory National Service with a view to calling up for whole-time service fewer men for a longer period. Those not so called up would be liable for other forms of National Service.

(4) Institution of a foreign legion.

(5) Immediate use of the additional trained regular man-power made available by (2), (3) and (4) above, to provide permanent regular manning of a proportion of the A.A. Defences of the United Kingdom.

NOTES FROM OVERSEAS

THE steady probing of the front of the Western Powers by Russia continues apace. Whether spring will see the "cold" war transformed into a shooting war is uncertain, and it is more than likely that the oligarchs in the Kremlin, with whom the decision rests, have not yet made up their minds on the point, but in the meantime the Russian Government is neglecting no opportunity of improving its strategic position. In Berlin there is no change, but the Western Powers can be under no illusions that if hostilities once break out their forces there will be lost, for the place is untenable. In France the Government has in the end got the better of the strike, but only after an enormous amount of damage has been done, and any day the work may require to be done over again. In Greece the situation has definitely deteriorated, and the outlook is gloomy in the extreme. In China the Communists are triumphant, and it is difficult to see anything or anyone to stop them from over-running the whole country, with incalculable results in Siam, Burma, and Malaya, not to mention India itself. It is, indeed, a depressing end to an anxious year.

In these circumstances it is peculiarly unfortunate that General Robertson should have advocated the evacuation of Germany by all foreign troops. It is true he explained that he was only speaking in a private capacity, but he should have known that a man in his position has no private capacity. The withdrawal of all foreign troops from the Reich would suit the Russians admirably, and there are definite signs that they are making preparations for just such a state of affairs.

THE *New York Herald Tribune* has recently published some very interesting statements by Major-General Schreiber, who was one of six Wehrmacht generals who were released from imprisonment in Russia to assist in the military re-organization of the police in the Russian Zone. The new police force, now being intensively trained and equipped with tanks, artillery, and other heavy weapons "marks the first stage of a Red Army manned by Germans", General Schreiber said, and he added that this new force is being trained by former German officers and other military specialists.

It will be, he further stated, the only security force to control Eastern Germany should the Russians withdraw their troops: if the Western Powers also removed their forces this police army would become the decisive factor in the struggle for the control of the whole Reich, and such being the case there could be little doubt about the result of such a struggle.

General Schreiber was the chief military surgeon of Berlin at the fall of the city in April, 1945. After being "entertained in a lavish manner" and subjected to a course of Communist instruction he was released last September with his five colleagues to take up "important positions" in the new German police force. However, he changed his mind, and escaped by train from Dresden to the United States sector of Berlin.

THE revival of guerrilla activities in Greece is at once disappointing and disquieting, and there is only one solution, which is, that the Greek troops should be allowed to follow the rebels across the frontier. It seems pretty clear that in this the Athens Government is being restrained by the Western Powers, but so long as the guerrillas can in the last resort always find refuge on Albanian soil the war will never come to an end. Now that the Presidential Election in the United States is over, and it is being at last realized in England that Mr. Bevin's big words break no Russian bones, the time has surely come to send an ultimatum to Albania insisting upon the withdrawal of all support from the guerrillas; failing compliance, the Greeks to be allowed to take such steps as they think fit, not excluding the subjugation and annexation of Albania in whole or in part.

Ever since the collapse of Ottoman rule in the Balkans in 1912, Albania has been the door through which foreign influences have penetrated South-East Europe. It owed its independence not to its own efforts but to the fact that Austria-Hungary did not wish Serbian territory to come too far South; it was the spring-board for the Axis in this part of Europe; and now it is a centre of Russian and Cominform activities. Were Albania to be annexed to Greece not only would a fertile source of mischief be eliminated, but the first step would have been taken in that counter-offensive against Russia which is necessary if there is ever to be real peace in Europe. Certainly Greece will never be rid of the guerrilla menace while existing conditions continue in Albania.

IF Russia has been content in Europe with minor successes, in Asia the ball has been placed at her feet. The sweeping Communist victories in Manchuria will, there can be no doubt, be exploited to the uttermost, and the Americans will have great difficulty in preventing the Red flood from engulfing South Korea. A China controlled by Russia would be a veritable nightmare, and might well cause Washington to send to the East the armaments and supplies sorely needed in the West. Yet the existing regime seems as rotten as the Manchu Empire which it displaced, while, as so often, Russia is getting her work done for her by others.

What seems to be generally forgotten in Great Britain is that, politics and strategy apart, China is a matter of the greatest concern on commercial grounds. If she goes Communist the stream of British trade is likely to shrink to a mere trickle. The Far Eastern markets are diminishing already, and if this process continues its effects at home in the British Isles will not be long in making themselves felt. Trade depends on order, not chaos, and it is by trade that Britain lives. Every advance of Communism is a further threat to the livelihood of the British people.

THE results of the election to the Council of the Republic in France have been almost as disastrous for the prophets as the triumph of President Truman. At the moment of writing it is impossible to say whether the R.P.F. has an absolute majority, and a great deal turns on that. By the Constitution if any measure passed by the Assembly is rejected by an absolute majority in the Council of the Republic, it can only become law if it is passed a second time by an absolute majority in the Assembly.

The present governmental majority in the Assembly is far from unanimous on many subjects, especially those of an economic nature, and on more than one occasion of late deputies who have disagreed with this or that Government measure have abstained from voting in order not to provoke a crisis. If in the new Council of the Republic the R.P.F., either by itself or in conjunction with the Right, can hold up bills coming from the Assembly in the manner described, then it will be impossible for the existing Government to continue in office.

SOME UNPUBLISHED DRAWINGS OF SIR JOHN VANBRUGH

By LAURENCE WHISTLER*

1.—VANBRUGH'S DESIGN FOR GLYMPTON

This is the first of three articles by Laurence Whistler, dealing with unpublished Vanbrugh drawings in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Vanbrugh's proposal for reshaping the Garden Front. (D105-91)

THE Vanbrugh designs form part of a collection of engravings and drawings, mostly by Thornhill, which were bought from a Mr. J. Smith in 1891, for the price of eleven guineas. That is all we know—of their earlier history nothing has been recorded. One glance at them was enough to excite the liveliest interest; for here, evidently, was nothing less unexpected than over forty original drawings out of Vanbrugh's or possibly Hawksmoor's office. A few were free-hand sketches, but most were ruled elevations and plans, drawn with a pen and tinted with a brush. Not one bore a name that immediately threw light on it, and only a very few could be identified with instant certainty—here a front of Kimbolton as we know it, there one of Kings Weston. The problem was to sort the drawings into families and then to identify them, and that task, I think, has been brought to a point where the context of the greater number can be stated.

THE main discoveries, then, are these: the elevation of Vanbrugh's house at Esher: some abandoned ideas for Kimbolton: a sequence of thirteen drawings revealing the growth of Eastbury out of a design earlier than that for "the Person of Quality in Dorset", published in *Vitruvius Britannicus*, 1717: and a project quite unrecorded—a proposal for refacing Glympton Manor in Oxfordshire. In the following article I shall discuss only the last of these, which is perhaps the first in point of time. The references given in brackets are to the Museum catalogue.

At an early stage in the investigation it became clear that three drawings were concerned with a single, unidentified scheme. One (D99-91) was evidently the plan of an old manor house, whose looks could be imagined, built round three sides of a small courtyard with a wall and gateway closing

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the fourth. Some pencil additions to one wing indicated new partition walls and a proposed fireplace. The word "Court" appeared in the centre, and to the left, in writing that resembled Vanbrugh's:—

> *First Story* 10 *Ins from*
> *the Ground*, & 11 *ft. high*
> *Secd*: *now* 10 *ft. high*
> *the Parlour rises* 20 *Ins above*
> *the hall.*

The next drawing (D127-91) showed a proposal, entirely in the Vanbrugh manner, for bringing symmetry and a measure of grandeur to the principal front of that house. This elevation, drawn to the scale of ten feet to one inch, like the relevant fragment of the plan below it, was untinted, with statues, scrolls and vases lightly added in pencil. A curious feature of the revised plan was the keeping of the parlour fireplace in roughly its old central position—curious, yet at the same time typically unconventional. For here the architect intended a "blind" doorway, and doubtless a "blind" window above it, concealing another fireplace; and he proposed to carry the flues up clear of the parapet, and there link them together with a rusticated arch, in one of those dominating features that he fancied.* The final drawing (D105-91) showed the elevation again, tinted this time, and with the ornaments added in ink, though very roughly. Extra windows had been introduced into the attic.

A SUPERFICIAL resemblance in plan both to Kings Weston, near Bristol, and to Kimbolton, in Huntingdonshire, as they were before Vanbrugh rebuilt them,† had to be dismissed, because the scale of this project was so very much smaller. Without doubt the problem could never have been solved but for the lucky impulse which induced someone, probably the architect himself, to write in ink on the back of the second drawing: "Sr. Tho: Wheates Papers."

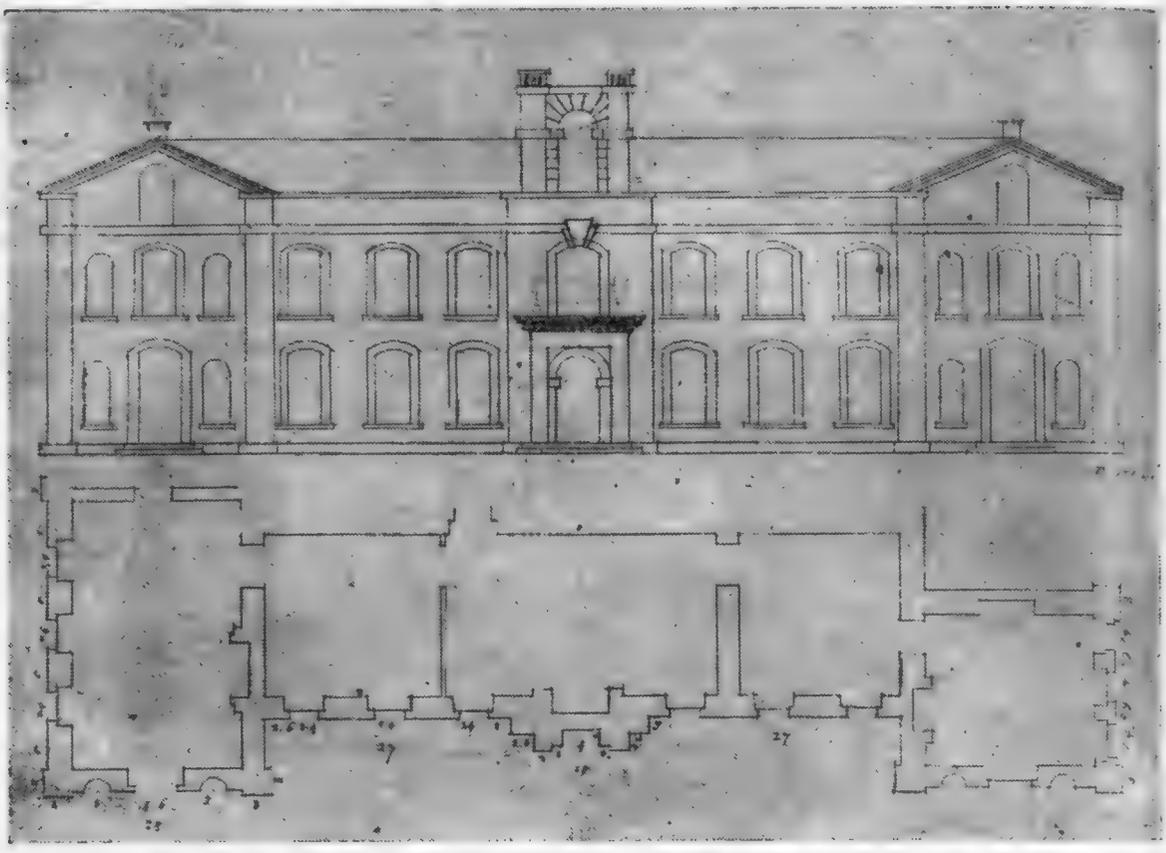
It did not take long to elicit from *The English Baronets* of 1727 that Thomas Wheate lived at Glympton in Oxfordshire, was created Baronet in 1696 and High Sheriff in the same year, became Keeper of the Stores and Ordinances, represented Woodstock in the last three Parliaments of Queen Anne, and the first of George I; and died in 1721, being succeeded by his son, also called Thomas. A modern map showed that the village of Glympton lies only four miles to the north of Blenheim Palace, deriving its name from the little River Glyme which flows through Glympton Park, close to the house, before expanding so inordinately into the lakes of Blenheim, and there passing beneath Vanbrugh's Brobdingnagian bridge on its way to the Thames.

Then I discovered that Sir Thomas Wheate, or Glympton itself, is mentioned five times in the published letters of Vanbrugh. Since the index of the admirable Nonesuch edition‡ is faulty at this point and gives only two of the references correctly, I will quote them all. "I wish you cou'd send me word what the Glympton Ashler will lye us in," Vanbrugh writes to his clerk Boulter at Blenheim, on 11th January, 1706; and probably on 8th November following, "I just now hear a Report I am much Alarm'd at, that all the Glimpton Stone in the Building flys to pieces with the frost. This ill news comes from Oxford, I hope 'tis not true because you Say nothing of it. But pray let me hear from you the truth of this Matter by the first Post." Then on 11th May, 1711, he writes to Joynes, his Clerk of the Works at Blenheim, "I desire you will make a Step over to the Marble Quarry at Bletchington and take Mr. Peisley with you. I want to know the good and bad Quality of that Stone, the Sizes of the Blocks which may be rais'd and the Lowest price. I Believe Sr Thomas Wheate may be Able to inform you a good deal of it." Another five years pass, and on 19th April, 1716, Vanbrugh tells the Duke of Marlborough

*On the back of this paper there was a very rough pencil sketch for some other project, showing a window above a door, both round-headed, the total height being given as forty feet.

†See *English Homes, Period IV, Vol. II* (Vanbrugh), H. A. Tipping and C. Hussey. *Country Life*, 1928.

‡*The Works of Sir John Vanbrugh, Vol. IV, The Letters.* Edited by Geoffrey Webb, Nonesuch Press, 1928.



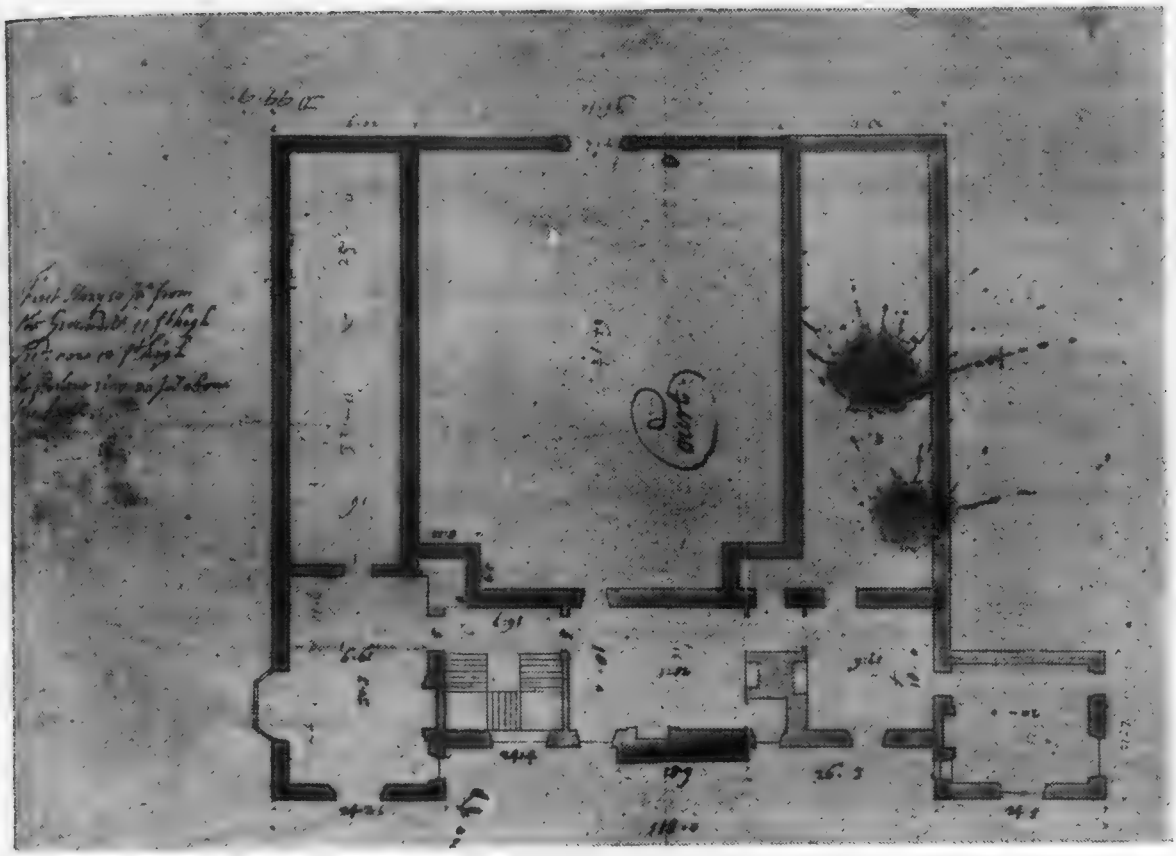
Another drawing for the Garden Front (D127-91). Compare with the original plan on page 253.

that Joynes is still at Blenheim "paying the Country people, but will have done in a week more, as Sr Thomas Wheate tells me, who is newly come from thence." On the following May Day it was to Joynes himself that he wrote: "I was in hopes you wou'd long e'er this have return'd to Towne, but by what Sr Tho: Wheat tells me, I Suppose this will find you still at Blenheim."

SIR THOMAS WHEATE, then, was one more figure, however minor, of whom it was fairly certain that something fresh would be learnt, if ever the rich recesses of the Blenheim muniment room should be explored. By the kindness of the present Duke I have now made that exploration.

Here is an unpublished letter from Vanbrugh to his patron the Duke. The earliest known hitherto was one of 28th April, 1710, but this letter is dated 22nd June, 1705, and must surely be among the first written by the architect to the great patron who had personally chosen him in preference to Christopher Wren. The Duke had only crossed the Channel in April, to begin his new campaign, and from Vanbrugh's opening sentence it appears that this was his first letter to follow after him. "My Lord Duke," he writes, "I have from time to time forborn troubling Your Grace with a Letter, in dayly hopes of being Able to acquaint you the first Stone was layd; which with much ado was brought about on Monday last, under My Lady Duchesses Favourite Bow Window. . . ." He then turns to the question of building stone:

"We have Open'd four or five Quarrys in the Park which afford Stone for Inside Walls. But there is only One where we find any freestone, and little of that fitt to Stand without doors, tho' very usefull in many places within. Upon a Generall Search of all the Quarrys in the Country, I have found My Lord Rochesters at Cornbury the best, wch is at five mile distance; an other of Sir Tho: Wheate within three mile is near as good, So



The original plan of Glympton (D99-91), used by Vanbrugh in evolving his proposal.

out of these two the House will be chiefly built. I writ to my Lord Rochester for leave to dig at Cornbury, which he readily gave, with compliments to your Grace, and will take nothing for the Stone. Sr Tho: Wheate is to be paid for, but not at an Unreasonable rate. The Stone of both Quarrys will make very beautiful work; And there are those methods taken with the Masons that I don't doubt to see it as perfect in the performance as any thing in Masonry is to be found. . . ."*

In another file I discovered a copy of Sir Thomas's agreement for the stone, made with Vanbrugh three days before.

"June 19, One thousand Seven hundred & five.

"Memd That it is agreed between his Grace the Duke of Marlborough & Sir Tho: Wheate Barrt, that for whatever Stone in Block shall be raised out of Glympton Quarry for his Graces use there shall be allowed three half pence pr foot Cubicall and for Ashler one penny pr foot Superficial, Nothing to be Accoted Ashler that is less than Nine Inches thick and one part with another Nine Inches Cod [?]

"But it is further agreed that if it shall be found that the Stone to be Raised for his Grace in Cornbury Quarry amounts to more when brot to Woodstock than Glympton Stone does then there shall be a further Allowance to Sir Tho: Wheate for his Stone in proportion to the Cost of the Cornbury.

"For his Grace the Duke of Marlborough John Vanbrugh."†

At this stage no doubt remained in my mind that the three drawings were indeed for Glympton, and new information, sought both in the Blenheim muniment room and outside it, only strengthened the likelihood. In 1846, Glympton passed to Sir Thomas

*Blen. reference—AI, 27.

†FI, 49.

Wheate's great-grandson, George Barnett, whose grandson, Canon Herbert Barnett, published in 1923, *Glympton :. The History of an Oxfordshire Manor*. From this we learn that it was described in 1632 as "A faire house &c wth a Dove-howse, orchards and garden Mault howse Backsides Elmeyarde and pook-yard." This is probably in essentials the house we see in the plan (D99-91). In the following year it was sold again, this time to William Wheate of Coventry, a lawyer of the Middle Temple, and the grandfather of the man we have been considering, the man whose name is written on the back of one of these drawings.

Vanbrugh's future acquaintance was born in 1667, three years later than the architect, and spent his childhood at Glympton. His rise to office and honour in 1696, under a Whig administration, indicated well enough the part he was likely to play in politics as the member for Woodstock: like Vanbrugh himself, he would be all for "Liberty." But Canon Barnett has sadly little to tell us about him, apart from reproducing his portrait, and a rapid scrutiny of the family papers, still at Glympton, confirms that they had nothing to disclose. Fortunately, the Blenheim papers were more informative.

IN the summer of 1710, the Whigs were on the downward path, and at the same time the arrears of Treasury payment to the Blenheim work-people were becoming formidable. In the Duke's absence Vanbrugh wrote to the Duchess that unless she would offer some kind of guarantee he feared not only an attack on the building, but the ousting of the old Whig members (one being Sir Thomas Wheate) at the coming election. The Duchess replied to the first alarm—"that is a thing to frighten children", and to the second—"as I never gave a bribe for the elections I will trust the town of Woodstock with that, for besides that it is certainly their interest not to disoblige the Duke of Marlborough, I am very unwilling to believe they can be so ungrateful as to have a thought of any but the old members".* At the same time she wrote two other letters of which copies have been kept at Blenheim. One is to Travers, a treasury official then at Woodstock: "I hope you will take care to order that the votes shou'd be given as they ought to be in the Election."† The other she has endorsed "Copy of a letter to Sr Thomas Wheate when they were playing tricks to prevent his being chose at Woodstock":—

> "I am sorry that any concerned in the Building are unruly or like to give any trouble in the Ellection. I will give any Derections that are necessary to prevent any disorder so that you may please to shew this letter to any body that you think will bee influenced by it."‡

WE now have a fair idea of the situation in which these drawings were made. No one in the neighbourhood can have been more interested in Blenheim than Sir Thomas Wheate, who was providing some of the stone to build it, and who as Whig member for Woodstock was useful to the Marlboroughs, and they to him, and at the same time no enemy of their Whig architect. Inspired by the events that were taking place four miles to the south, where tumbledown Woodstock Manor was yearly diminishing before the sonorous enormities of Blenheim on the opposite hill, he came to regard his own inconspicuous manor as wanting in style. From time to time Vanbrugh would visit the quarry, whose overgrown mounds of debris are a feature of the park to this day, and he would be entertained by its owner. The question of reshaping the garden front was debated, and a design was roughed out. With good building stone to be had from the estate itself an architectural adventure would be tempting, and cheaper than for country gentlemen geologically less fortunate.

Why was it never adopted? To that question there can be no certain answer, but a guess can be made. Let us note, first, that the words "Sr Tho: Wheates Papers" could refer equally well to the second baronet who inherited Glympton from his father in 1721. But *that* Sir Thomas gets no mention in Vanbrugh's surviving letters, nor does his father, after the year 1716. Moreover, in this year Vanbrugh finally quarrelled with the Duchess, and his visits

*FI, 49.

†FI, 50. ‡FI, 49.

to Woodstock in a working capacity came to an end. Secondly, let us take note of a tradition at Glympton that the stone for "the new wing" at Blenheim—whatever that may mean—was never paid for. It is certain that Sir Thomas Wheate, like the other creditors, had to wait a very long while for his bills to be paid, and it may be that in the ultimate settlement he, or his son, received less than was due. At Blenheim there is an undated copy of a letter from the Duchess to Sir Thomas, answering one in which he evidently spoke of debts. "You may be very sure," she writes, "that I shall never make an ill return to one that I think my self obliged to, and that I have a value for, upon the account of your character." The Treasury have promised another instalment of money, and "I desire therefore that you will give me a paper of what you find is most crying and most necessary to be paid for first, for till such people are satisfied my Lord Marlborough can't be easy in Blenheim nor out of it".* Nevertheless, about £540 appears to have been owing to Sir Thomas from a date earlier than 1712, until the time of his death, and we only have *evidence* that the Treasury intended to pay a third of it.†

FINALLY, there is good reason to think that the alarming rumour about the Glympton stone may have been confirmed; for we know that the quarries in Blenheim Park were abandoned for precisely the same shortcoming: the local stone, though at first sight excellent, would not stand up to frost. Then there is a portfolio, called *Bills and Estimates Relating to Blenheim*, kept in the library, containing records of the building from about 1716 onwards. Much may be read about stone from the quarries at Headington, Cornbury and Heythrop, but nothing at all about stone from Glympton; nor is that quarry ever again alluded to in Vanbrugh's letters after he mentions the ominous report he has heard of it, in 1706.

If, therefore, Sir Thomas Wheate was disappointed in his hope of supplying, at a fair price, a great deal of the best quality freestone for Blenheim, and if the account for what he did supply, at the beginning, was not settled for years—or never completely settled—it is understandable that he put off the reshaping of his house. The evidence points to an earlyish date for the Vanbrugh design, and that, I think, is suggested by the style. Vanbrugh used the segmental-topped window very little in the second half of his career, preferring the bolder, round-headed kind. But he used it a great deal in his smaller designs during the reign of Queen Anne: universally at Kimbolton in 1707 and thereafter—largely at Kings Weston in 1710. Still, we could attach too much importance to fenestration, which at Glympton was partly determined by low ceilings. This charming and restful facade is chiefly reminiscent of Compton Verney, designed in 1714, but it has something in common with Kimbolton too, and all things considered, is more likely to be contemporary with that. It has, in fact, the look of a small country-house in Vanbrugh's early manner.

In the end Glympton did receive a new garden front; probably in the time of the second Sir Thomas Wheate. This roughly resembled Vanbrugh's in plan, with a slightly projected feature at each end, but it involved no bold inventions, and offered not the faintest allusion to the master whose style was by then out of fashion. "'Tis a good old Mansion," wrote Alice Dighton in her diary, on 28th August, 1759, "one side dull, but the other toward the park cheerful. You command a fine slope down to a river and pretty bridge and cascade. Altogether looks prodigiously pretty."

Cascade and bridge have gone, and with them the Georgian front itself, but anyone who looks from a window to-day must agree with her. Beyond the grassy terrace, and beyond the ha-ha which bounds it, a green valley sprinkled with trees extends in a long curve to the left. But in the middle distance, where village roofs can just be detected among timber, it doubles back on itself and disappears behind the slope to the right, thus bringing its leftward slope quite round in a quarter circle, to form a quiet skyline of field and hedgerow. Down this long "S," in Vanbrugh's day, the Glyme—only a few feet across, nothing more than a

*FI, 49. †FI, 49 and GI, 20.

brook—meandered on its way to Blenheim. But later a dam was built near the village, and the brook transformed into a modest river—even as lower down, but on a different scale, the same waters had been banked up into spectacular lakes: those lakes of which "Capability" Brown was boasting, "The Thames will never forgive me for this!" We may suppose that Brown was employed at Glympton, for he rejoiced in creating Serpentines, and if that supposition is correct, Alice Dighton must have seen some earlier layout. In any case, we can hardly doubt that the Glympton Serpentine was inspired by the Blenheim lakes, and to-day we might look far for a more delightful example of landscape gardening on a diminutive scale. It needs no embellishment —and yet it is worthy of one: a delicate, classical bridge of some kind, set slightly at an angle to the house, beyond the fullness of the river's curve.

In 1846, the old house—part dull, part cheerful, as Alice Dighton thought; part Tudor, part Georgian, as we may conclude —was rebuilt in a soberly imposing manner, on the same site. The plan is somewhat different, but the width of the existing, Victorian front is exactly that of Vanbrugh's, when shorn of its projecting corner features. As I have said, similar features were embodied in the reshaping after his death, and we can see them in an early Victorian water-colour—our only record of the Georgian front. The present owner is Mr. Alan Good. He had already made certain alterations in the house before I told him about the Vanbrugh drawings, and he now entertains the idea of reshaping the garden front (if conditions should ever be favourable) exactly as Vanbrugh conceived it, except that he would substitute a real door for a sham one, and carry the flues forward from interior walls. Consultations with his architect, Mr. Trenwith Wills, are continuing with that intention. Were it accomplished, there would be no other example in history, I think, of a design by a great architect being first abandoned and forgotten, then discovered, identified and carried out—on the site originally intended—and after an oblivion of nearly two centuries and a half.

Glympton as refaced after Vanbrugh's time—From an early Victorian water-colour sketch.

Theatre

COMÉDIE-FRANÇAISE *and the* OLD VIC

COMÉDIE-FRANÇAISE COMPANY. (*Cambridge Theatre.*)
OLD VIC COMPANY. (*New.*)

LET me say at once, before I begin a little mild and minor carping, that I am deeply grateful to whatever authority (or authorities) planned it, for the recent all-too-short visit of the great *Comédie-Française Company* to the Cambridge Theatre, London.

For three consecutive weeks there were varied evenings of enjoyment to be had. And the London public seemed to be enjoying them—not only the comparatively "snob" publics of each first night, but mid-week audiences as well. On one occasion I had to go to a performance in the middle of the week. Having absent-mindedly failed to arm myself with a ticket, I had to stand behind the extreme back row of the dress-circle, approximately three-quarters of a mile away from the stage in that compendious house, among many other London citizens there so standing. Every occupiable seat was already full.

I can see no reason—or no insurmountable reason—why this visit should not become a yearly one. It would revive a happy tradition. In the old days—before your days or my days, in the 'seventies and 'eighties—it was apparently an annual event for a representative French company to give a season in London, usually at the St. James'; and the older hands among the audiences could compare, to the admiration of their juniors, the new radiance of Bernhardt with the splendour of passion that had been Rachel.

TO the business of criticism. The present company, on its present short showing, has no overpowering personalities; and no such overall and general brilliance as would make one wish to proclaim it a torch to the world. But it had an extraordinarily high level of workmanlike competence—which is rare enough in all conscience—and enough to make one wish that it had one extra quality—the spark of adventure—that might have lighted up the whole.

The first play, the "*Misanthrope*", was done "in the manner", and it may be mentioned in passing that that manner is pretty good. Owing to the quite unbroken continuity in existence of the company through the three hundred years since its founding by Molière (as dramatist and as producer), it is at least possible that some of its line-inflections, handed down through twelve generations, are essentially the same as given by Molière to his first company.

But, as the Shepherd in A. P. Herbert's "*Helen*" laments, "Is there nothing more?"

Some years ago the elder Guitry, a great actor, produced in Paris Molière's "*Ecole des Femmes*", *not* at the Comédie-Française; with a young actress, in the adorable part of Agnès, who had probably never even seen the Comédie-Française. He produced and played it—not "in modern dress"—but as a new and original play, as a play that a new young writer of genius might have slapped down on his desk a few weeks previously.

The result of this new approach—this fresh vision of the thing, as one might describe it—was that the whole action, the most hackneyed and too-oft-quoted of the lines, the "*Mes yeux on-t-ils du mal pour en donner au monde?*" and the rest, came out with a sparkle and a gaiety that were absolutely enchanting, and, incidentally, like all very beautiful things, highly moving. One suddenly realized—what had not always been apparent—why Agnès has been for centuries the most coveted *ingénue* part in the French language.

"*Le Misanthrope*" is a later and deeper comedy. Containing scorn and heartbreak within it, it is one of the great and dateless comedies of the world. It occurred to me to wonder if, in an access of rashness, the company were to throw tradition over its shoulder and try a fresher approach such as Guitry's, it might not yield new and rewarding results. Nietzsche has a phrase

about, "Take heed lest a statue crush you!" —the statue (not the spirit) of Molière in the foyer of the Française. . . .

I AM not particularly qualified to speak of Racine's "*Andromaque*", hearing it for the first time and never having read it. It seemed to me to contain one of the worst lines in all French poetry, in one of Orestes' closing tirades:—

"*J'assassine à regret le roi que je révère!*"

No doubt the meaning and significance of language changes in the course of centuries —but even then . . . to commit assassination "with regret" evokes a phrase counted over-formal even in refusing an invitation to dinner from a distant acquaintance.

I am aware that this is not fair criticism of "*Andromaque*", which has many dignities and felicities in it. But it is not the cream of Racine. It has many stabbing phrases in it, the single, simple and intensely dramatic, "*Je crains votre silence!*", as an example, but nothing like the again too-oft quoted :— "*C'est Vènus toute entière a sa proie attachée*" of "*Phèdre*", a line that, coming exactly where it does in the tragedy, sears the soul as much as the greatest things in Shakespeare.

"*Le Malade Imaginaire*" is simply—"*Le Malade Imaginaire*", clowned through in a way that only goes to show the still almost medieval simplicity of at least one side of the French seventeenth-century—paralleled, in our own age, by the lavatory jokes of a really expensively trained public-school boy. (As regards the "business" and horseplay of the farces, I believe it is academically accepted that the tradition is still handed down almost unmodified from the original company.)

The dialogues on medicine between Argan, the hypochondriac, and his practical brother Béralde, still have some seriousness and dramatic sense about them. The diatribe about more patients having died of their doctors than of their diseases has a surprisingly modern ring. But for the rest, one might have been among Clown Joey and his sausage-strings—substituted in this case by a ballet of clyster-syringes. How often the word clyster is mentioned in the text is past counting, apart from the refrain running through the finale, when it is turned into Latin.

Still, I repeat that I do not wish to seem captious. One had seen a company, worthy of their national status, doing their job with supreme professional competence. I hope that they come, in many and varied other plays, as an annual event. There is plenty that our own stage could learn from them—perhaps most especially our own nearest approach to a National and representative company, that of the Old Vic, whose inaudible speaking, among many other things, is becoming more and more deplorable.

AND now what is one to say about the latest efforts of the Old Vic—come back to London, to the New Theatre, in a short repertory of plays some of which at least it proposes to take to New York and elsewhere in January?

I have used advisedly the phrase about "supreme professional competence", related to the recent performances of the Comédie-Française Company. I have been trying, sincerely, to find any words less unkind than "supreme professional ineptitude" for the Old Vic's latest series of productions—and for a few others, too, that they brought to London for a season or two past.

This is not to imply that anyone or everyone engaged in the acting and production is not professionally efficient—in one or two outstanding cases, those of Dame Edith Evans and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, supremely so. But only that, in some high sphere of central direction, such gross mistakes have been made as to make the whole company generally (with outstanding exceptions) appear hardly higher in standard than a company of amateurs.

Who cast Sir Cedric Hardwicke (fine actor that he is) for Faust in Marlowe's "*Doctor Faustus*"? The chaotic medieval drivel of the play goes forward, shot through as it is with fragments of breath-arresting poetry—to a modern audience its be-all and end-all, its secure justification—with the poetry sacrificed, and the drivel remaining.

Who thought that Sir Cedric, lovely speaking-voice as he has, could be made to vary the monotony of it, without a strong

producer to jab him out of its inherent monotony? And why should young Mr. John Burrell have been thought to have either the authority or the experience to achieve this end?

And why should anybody ever conceivably have thought that Sir Cedric could play the love-scene with Helen of Troy,

"*O thou art fairer than the evening air,*
Clad with the beauty of a thousand stars . ."

and sell his soul to Mephistopheles, without taking both transactions as prosaically as a Manchester business man selling or offering bales of cotton?

And why should their "*Twelfth Night*" (producer: Mr. Alec Guinness)—with its fussy scenery, with the little flapping tents that flap between each change of scene with such distracting regularity as to make the gallery laugh—end on a note of funereal gloom—Feste singing his final song in a blackout?

And why should Mr. Harry Andrews—who has a saturnine gift of personality (for which I respect him)—be everlastingly cast for such romantic parts as Duke Orsino? And why should Mr. John Burrell have had the burden laid upon him of directing two out of the last three plays?—and five or six out of the last eight, so far as my memory serves me?

And, most important, why should Dame Edith Evans be left to flame through their latest production, the classic "*The Way of the World*", like a forest fire, annihilating all before her, in the comparatively secondary part of Lady Wishfort?

I am an adorer of Dame Edith's genius, and it has never burned more brightly or more exultantly. I am certain that she didn't wish to wreck the play—it isn't in her nature. She did not enter into it as a combat like Mowbray.

"*. . . My dancing soul doeth celebrate*
This feast of battle with mine adversary."

The rest of the company was, from her own point of view, in no sense her natural adversary; it was entirely owing to her own overpowering personality that she laid them each and every one out on a stretcher. But it was a pity. For the younger woman's part, Congreve's Millamant (own cousin to Molière's Célimène) is one of the great comedy parts of the world.

The point I am trying to make clear is that though Miss Faith Brooke did not play Millamant badly, she has not yet the necessary technique or experience even to make one remember whether Millamant is on the stage or off, in the same cast with Dame Edith. And this casting need not necessarily have happened in a company that (largely through past seasons with Sir Laurence Olivier and Sir Ralph Richardson) has been promoted willy-nilly, with all its advantages and all its reponsibilities, to the rank of our National Company. Could not that Company have put up one of the comparatively younger generation, a Constance Cummings, a Coral Browne, a young Miss Valerie White, who, with Millamant's wonderful lines to back them, would at least have given Dame Edith a run for her money?

The Old Vic gallery (more's the worse) now applauds everything indiscriminately. But the company is probably going abroad shortly; and I'm not at all sure that foreign capitals will be equally enthusiastic.

Incidentally, the diction of the company (apart from that of its principals) is becoming appreciably worse. Several times I have noticed that the last half—or at least the concluding words—of each sentence are "thrown away" in an unintelligible mumble—the authentic and accepted hallmark of the amateur company, or of the company whose producers have no grip on them and let the whole thing go by default. I have frequently sat in middle-row stalls at Old Vic performances, and not had the faintest idea of what the end of many sentences was supposed to mean. My experience of standing at the back of the dress-circle for the Comédie-Française, far, far underneath the projecting tray of the upper-circle and gallery, was salutary. I heard every syllable. This is no mean matter, and affects almost every English company performing in London. Those who pay in the back rows of the pit, the dress-circle, the upper circle and the gallery, give precisely the same proportion of their incomes—or if anything, rather more—to the support of the art of the theatre.

AIGUES-MORTES: AERIAL VIEW FROM THE SOUTH

THE GREY SOUTH

By MICHAEL SWAN

AT Nimes it would not be natural to realize that the terra-cotta landscape of Provence is almost over, and that some miles to the south-west a flat grey wilderness begins, where blue skies seem to offend against the atmosphere. But at Nimes one thinks only of Provençal skies and the extraordinary light which gives cypress, architecture and hill an unreal clarity. The town itself is at its best in the afternoon, when the Maison Carrée stands surrounded by the silence of siesta time and no subtle evening shadows spoil its sharpness. As I stood looking at it it was difficult not to recall the eulogies of Smollett, Arthur Young and Stendhal—and even the wily Alberoni who flattered the French court by saying the Maison should be sheathed in gold. Its reputation as a perfect example of Graeco-Roman architecture was world wide and, one would have thought, safe. Yet to-day the murmurs of disapproval are mounting; its symmetry is faulty, it has irregularities, its cornice is over-rich, its position to Greek architecture is similar to that of Victorian to medieval Gothic. Trying to keep my mind clear of such criticisms I walked round the square in which it is placed; drawings of the Parthenon and a model of the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina which I had seen occurred as comparisons, but in neither of these were the side columns engaged with the wall of the building; a loggia surrounds both. The Maison is a comfortable little building—one can take it in the palm of one's mind and rock it—but its fault, I feel is that two moods have been mixed without subtlety or point. The portico, with its ten disengaged Corinthian columns, its steep flight of steps, and its depth of shadow, is in perfect *ordonnance*. The rest of the building with its engaged columns, is without depth and dull. But in spite of this fault the building is most pleasurable and sympathetic. Anybody gifted with a little pedantry will notice that it is not *carrée* at all, but oblong. That evening I read in Stendhal's book of travels in these parts that he had noticed the misnomer; it was, he said, in the shape of a playing card, and went on to support Colbert's notion that it should be transplanted to Versailles. Since he was writing in the character of a commercial traveller he was, I hope, allowing himself a commercial traveller's æsthetic sense.

Having heard that the Maison is best seen only from the outside I walked on by the aqueducts towards the Jardin de la Fontaine. Here genuine classicism and the *grande Siècle's* delicate version of it have exquisitely come together. The statuary, the stonework surrounding the water, the rise of the garden towards the little Mont Cavalier cannot help but suggest a setting for Poussin. Perhaps age has romanticized it all and what was originally built as a formal garden has been made more "natural" by the patina of the stonework and the irregularity of the shrubs and trees; if the Nimois voted more money for its upkeep LeNôtre's intention would be more honoured, but the blending of atmospheres would be less pleasing. Even when he was designing this masterpiece he had Roman ruins to consider as part of the natural terrain. The baths at the foot of the Mont Cavalier and the Temple to Diana were to be used to the same effect as Wyatt intended as he carefully constructed the ruined towers for Fonthill. Such a love of Nature that where she did not exist it was necessary to invent her, would have been inconceivable to LeNôtre; for all his formality he had the sincerer romanticism.

The avenue which leads from the south gate of the Jardin is almost as wide and straight and imperial, as little thoughtful of the houses which line it as that which leads from Versailles. It is also very dusty, and while I walked in the shade of the houses little dust clouds would arise from behind the trees as metal balls landed on the ground; the national game of Provence was the most serious sign of activity I saw in

AIGUES-MORTES: AERIAL VIEW FROM THE SOUTH

Nimes that afternoon. Of all the Provençal towns Nimes appears to slumber most. Avignon is in continual motion, the Mono-Prix store is always full, but Nimes is so spacious that if the activity is there it is so spread out that one is unaware of it. It seems to be a dead town, though quite possibly its production figures are no less than those of Avignon or Aix. It is also one of the cleanest southern towns—perhaps, I have heard it suggested, because the Nimois are predominantly Protestant!

FINDING no coach going to Aigues-Mortes I took one for Montpellier. Aigues-Mortes (for some reason its name had haunted me for years) is on the seaward side of the flat estuary country and no main roads think it of enough importance, so I was given a lift in a vegetable lorry for the last ten miles. I have said that the country here is grey, and that is the impression in spite of the green of the vines which cover the land to the horizon. The outer parts are still colourful with the red earth but farther towards the river mouth the land is sodden and the wet earth loses its colour.

The twists of the road sometimes allowed me to see the low-lying ramparts of the town in the distance. No one can say that the approach to Aigues-Mortes, whose very name denies much thought of beauty, is beautiful in the conventional sense, but it is memorable. St. Louis and the Crusaders, when they founded the town as a port of embarkation, built the ramparts with far from æsthetic ideas. Those thirteenth century functionalists built a parallelogram of solid wall for one purpose only. But there is a nostalgic pleasure in seeing this medieval town squat on the skyline. Carcassone may suggest the Middle Ages better when one is actually in it, but it is hardly immaculate as Aigues-Mortes from outside.

The lorry dropped me outside the North Gate. An old man sitting on a bench and staring into the canal told me that the house of my hosts lay a mile or so along a sandy path. Half an hour brought me to the only house I could see for miles, unserved by any roads and attractively desolate; a fine Alsatian rushed at me barking, until its chain was fortunately played out. A fat little woman came from behind the house and showed me in.

ARMANDE DE BERNIS, my host's wife, came to greet me with a crying baby in her arms. She was young and pretty—our mutual friend in Paris had told me that she had been one of the beauties of Aix—but life so far from any society whatever had made it seem purposeless for her to make up or be careful in her dress. It took some minutes for her to lose her charming shyness, to recollect those things which would once have come to her quite naturally. We went into the sitting-room, comfortably but shabbily furnished; the shabbiness I learnt later was partly due to the hard wear it had received from the broad bottoms of Oberleutnanten. Jo-jo, her husband, she explained, was sorry not to be here to receive me, but he was out paying the German prisoners. Their little boy of four came in, as sunny and as contented as the baby was miserable. The metabolism of the two seemed to have reacted differently to the marshes and mosquitoes. Bebé was covered with bites and lumps while Pierre's complexion was fresh and clear. Rocking Bebé on her knee Armande asked me about Paris more from polite interest than with any nostalgia, told me about the beautiful almonds grown on their land, that it was a pity I had just missed the Pelerinage to Les Saintes Maries, but that I must spend a day in the *sauvage* flats of the Camargue, the Wild West of which France is a little proud and whose *Gardiens*, though an aristocracy of the South, dress in the furs and stetsons of Texas and are natural and perfect horsemen. All this she told me blushing now and then and interrupting herself to rush to the kitchen to see what the new cook was up to. Eventually Jo-jo arrived. No one could help taking to him immediately. He was in his early thirties, with a scholarly, sensitive face, very worn and tired. We talked from the first as if we had known each other for years. Within ten minutes he was showing me a photograph of Armande as a little girl, and began a little joke in English. "As she was," he

began, pointing to the photograph, "As she is," pointing to her and, holding up a toy monkey, "And as she will be." Armande's English was good enough to understand and she clapped her hands and laughed.

Later in the afternoon Jo-jo took me round his land, and it was then that he began to talk seriously and with a sigh, and gradually I came to realize that here at last was a cogent sign of the chaos which seems to breathe permanently beneath the surface of France. In Paris it had been difficult to see the corrosion at work; black markets and high prices, yes, but individually everybody seemed happy enough. But Jo-jo's life was a life decaying. We approached a cottage on the edge of the marshes; it was shuttered and beginning to fall to pieces. "In that house," he said dramatically and in English, "I spent the happiest days of my life." It was a shooting box, he said, and in it he and his father and brothers had stayed up all night telling stories before setting off just before dawn, in boats, across the marshes in search of *canard*. A *chasseur* now lived in the cottage and he came out to meet us. They talked endlessly about the old days, and from his wallet the *chasseur* produced a crumpled snapshot of Jo-jo's record shoot. Now it was all over. Ammunition was impossible to get, the duck were fewer and somehow everything was different.

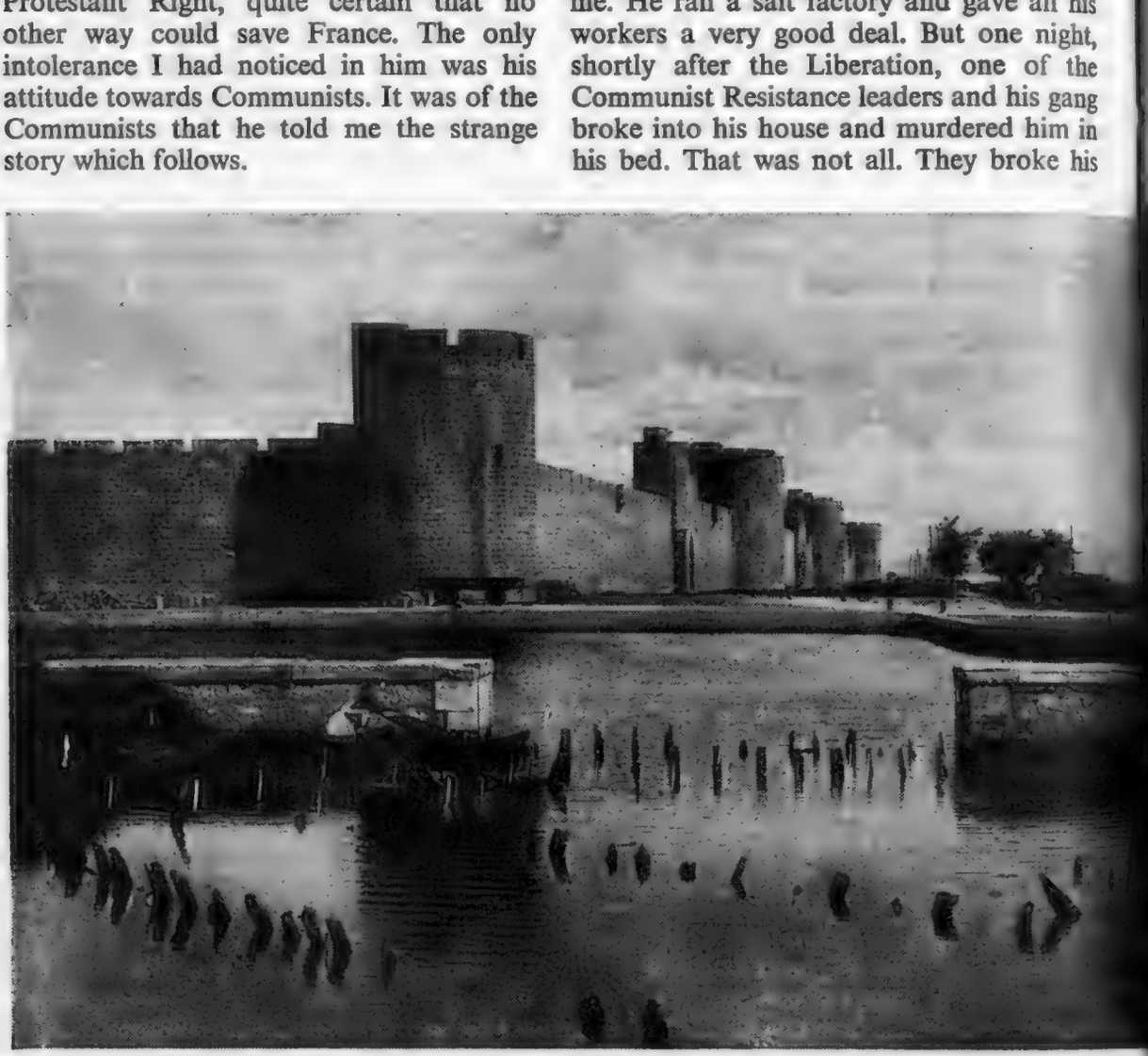
WE had reached the wine sheds; pointing to the enormous barrels Jo-jo said: "They'll take ten thousand hectolitres and in my father's day we filled them every year. Last year I made four hundred hectolitres, and the land will probably never give any more." Provence is a country full of impoverished aristocrats and Jo-jo's family had once been very wealthy. (The Cardinal de Bernis had won some fame in his time, earning from Voltaire the nickname "Babet la Bouquetietre"). Now he was forced to let the chateau which he loved so much and come to live in the hunting lodge Quincaudon. "I want to live nowhere else now," he said. "I love this wild kind of country. Marshes seem so unpleasant to you townsmen but they're in my blood. And I couldn't do without this strong Rhone wind now—I'd be miserable if it stopped. Do you see that little shack over there on that island in the marshes? That's where Patrice de la Tour du Pin would like to die. He saw it when he was down here last year and he made me give it to him so that he could go and die there. He loves solitude, too. Ha, look, this is the spot I buried my shot guns just before the Germans arrived. They were clever though, they found them and I was hauled up and questioned in my own sitting-room—they'd taken over our house as their headquarters. One of them thought I'd buried them for a little sabotage work, but I hadn't, I was just very fond of them. But in the end they realized it and let me go." A little farther on we saw some Germans at work, very slowly, among the vines. "One can't expect them to work hard," he said. "They'd be fools if they did."

The estuary country must be one of the worst fed districts of France. It produces so little itself that almost everything except nuts, grapes and eggs has to be brought in from more productive parts. My hosts rarely ate meat, and what little they were able to buy was poor. Dinner that night was a minestrone soup, an omelette and *haricots verts* followed by bread and cheese and nuts; the wine was their own making, of course, for the poor quality of which they thought it necessary to apologize. I felt they very rarely dined on a less modest scale than this. They said they were pleased with the new cook and would allow her request that she should have her ancient paramour—whom she had no intention of marrying—to stay with her. But the cook was thinking along different lines. She came to ask Armande if she could have a few words with her and five minutes later Armande came back to say that the cook felt her man would never stand the isolation; he was fond of talking and she thought she had better get a job in Aigues-Mortes. "Ah," said Jo-jo, "there goes the fourth this year. It's becoming droll."

TEN minutes later we were drinking a virulent *eau de vie* and I was listening to Jo-jo. He was talking about his favourite

modern poet—that Lamartine of our time, Patrice de la Tour du Pin (surely the most beautiful name a poet has ever possessed) and read passages from his books for me. Then we got on to politics. He was of the Protestant Right, quite certain that no other way could save France. The only intolerance I had noticed in him was his attitude towards Communists. It was of the Communists that he told me the strange story which follows.

—but Aigues-Mortes was one of the towns with a Right wing Mayor. M. Coulomar was one of the most honourable men you could imagine. I'd known him all my life. He used to come shooting with my brothers and me. He ran a salt factory and gave all his workers a very good deal. But one night, shortly after the Liberation, one of the Communist Resistance leaders and his gang broke into his house and murdered him in his bed. That was not all. They broke his



AIGUES-MORTES: THE RAMPARTS FROM THE SOUTH

"Even in other parts of France," he began, "they have little idea what went on down here after the liberation. It was a most terrible anarchy. The Communists had organized the resistance partly because it's a thing they enjoy and partly because they felt the time would come when they could use it to seize power. I don't think there is or was a patriotic idea amongst the lot of them. Most of the South is Left—it's a revolutionary tradition going back centuries

arms and legs, disembowelled him, castrated him and gouged out his eyes. Next day they went about the streets and knew that no one would dare touch them. The police did nothing either. The leader, a great brute called Thiraud, went and sat in a café where a friend of mine heard him say that he intended to pay me a visit that morning. My friend cycled out to warn me immediately. I went upstairs and saw with my binoculars that they had already started

out. I locked Armande, Pierre and the cook in the cellar and loaded my gun. And then sat where you are now with my eye fixed on the window and waited. I can tell you I was very frightened. Four of them came in from the garden through the window there. I held my gun ready and asked them what the hell they wanted. Thiraud was breathing *pastis* and told me to put my gun down, he wasn't going to do anything. He just wanted to talk, but I didn't put my gun down, though it wouldn't have been much use. I let him talk and he called me a bloody Conservative, and said I was scum for not being in the Resistance. Then he gave a very naïve defence of Communism which made me really smile. I asked him if Communism in France was going to mean the murder of good men like Coulomar, which gave him only the opportunity to describe with relish what he had done to my friend the night before. I couldn't understand what game he was playing with me. He had shown no violence, only an almost devilish friendliness. But I felt it might turn into violence any moment. Then Thiraud said: 'So you're the crack shot of the district, eh? Never missed a duck in your life, eh? You think you're a better shot than me. I never missed a German. Come on, we'll see who's best. Get a couple of plates, Louis.' We went into the garden. They threw a plate into the air and Thiraud shot. I remember thinking of poor Armande in the cellars at that moment, imagining she was now a widow. Thiraud missed wildly and it was my turn. Shooting plates is my little hobby and I winged it beautifully, whereupon he put his hands to his sides and began to laugh uproariously. 'You're the best, you win,' he said, and when his laughter was over he turned to his men and said: 'Right, back to the town,' and left me standing bewildered with

AIGUES-MORTES: THE TOUR DE CONSTANCE

a loaded gun in my hand. Why they had come to see me, whether their intention had been to kill me I don't know. I suppose, really, they had had a blood lust the night before and that was enough to satisfy them for a few days."

"And how long were they in power in the town?"

"Another three days, and then they went on the run. Most of the murderers were caught, but Thiraud is still free somewhere or other, under an alias."

NEXT morning I walked over to Aigues-Mortes. It was amusing to speculate on what I should find behind those austere battlements; Dumas' "*bijou soigneusement enfermé dans un écrin de pierre*" or a typical little town of Languedoc? It is rather the latter, although it is too dilapidated and poor to be altogether typical. White plaster has fallen from the walls to leave the whole town in a rash. The people are poor and wan, for the incidence of fever is naturally high. Aigues-Mortes. I could not help thinking again what a curse it must be to have such a name. And yet it had once been a prosperous inland port, well known to all Mediterranean traders. Maurice Barrès, in *Le Jardin de Berenice*, has seen in it a *morbidedza* similar to that of Venice. Both have been in decline for centuries, and both for the same reason, but the *morbidedza* of Venice is strangely satisfying—one could not wish the Ca' d'Oro to be in any better repair or to see the Lagoon filled with tramp steamers. The parallel is more exact, however, when one thinks of the dungeons of the Doge's palace or the Bridge of Sighs*; for few towns can have been the scene of more cruelty than Aigues-Mortes. Hardly a tower on its battlements is not associated with some act of savagery. The Tour des Bourguinons was so named to commemorate a particularly nasty massacre. One night during the early fifteenth century the Burgundian troops were surprised by the Royalists; hardly a man was spared and the corpses were piled up in the *rez-de-chaussée* of this tower. Before long an odour was noticed, and the town's chief industry was put to good use; sackfuls of salt were poured on to the bodies and pollution was prevented.

But the massive, circular Tour de Constance, which stands in a moat at one of the northern corners of the battlements, has the most sadistic history of all, and its sinister reputation has spread throughout France. It was built by St. Louis as a citadel and as a station for pilgrims to the Holy Land. Its name is too kindly and feminine for so gloomy and cruel a place—though it comes from the faith and constancy of its founder. The *gardien* had so little interest in telling me its story that, after opening the doors he shuffled off in silence. I explored it alone. Three circular chambers one above the other, connected by a winding staircase and a hole in the centre of each floor through which stores were hauled, a soft Cerberean light from the slit windows upon which the lines of the immense embrasures in the walls converge, embrasures once used as cells for two *princes du sang*.

The Tour de Constance does not invite one to linger in it; rather, the thoughts which it must stir soon become appalling and unbearable, and it is a relief to emerge into the light of the look-out post at the top. In the grey distance we see the shape of the Cevennes, to the south the *étangs* of the estuary and to the east, if it were clear, we should see the tower of Les Saintes Maries de la Mer. Below us, in the market square, is Pradier's ineffective statue of St. Louis and round it, in the words of Maurice Barrès: "*Aigues-Mortes, misérable damier de toits à tuiles rouges, est ramassée dans l'enceinte rectangulaire de ces hautes murailles, que cerne l'admirable plaine, terres, violettes étangs d'argent et de bleu clair, frissonnant de solitude sous la brise tiéde.*"

* * *

This article forms part of a chapter on Aigues-Mortes in a book to be published by Messrs. Home and Van Thal.

* The horror associated with these two places is, however, almost entirely the product of Byron's imagination. Not one person of interest ever crossed the Bridge of Sighs to his death. Political victims were always housed in luxury in the Doge's Palace.

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LITERATURE AND CRITICISM

Edited by HUGH KINGSMILL

G. K CHESTERTON

ROUND about 1930 G. K. Chesterton was the chief Catholic apologist writing in English. Nowadays, Mr. Herbert McLuhan says in his introduction to Mr. Hugh Kenner's revaluation of Chesterton*, books by Chesterton are seldom included in the reading-lists of Catholic students. Chesterton, says Mr. McLuhan, had "an unwavering and metaphysical intuition of being . . . a kind of connaturality with every kind of reasonableness"; but this element in his work has been swamped by the extravagances of "the Toby-jug Chesterton of a particular literary epoch". From Stevenson, Mr. McLuhan continues, Chesterton borrowed a desperate jauntiness and pseudo-energy; from Henley, a note of professional heartiness which he employed to debunk the æsthetic pessimism of the 'eighties and 'nineties; from William Morris, dramaturgic gestures, medieval trappings, ballad themes and banal rhythms; from Rossetti, the pale, auburn-haired beauties who haunt his stories; from Swinburne, a tiresome trick of alliteration; from Edward Lear, the vein of anarchic nursery wisdom which helped the Victorians to keep sane. The influence of Whitman and Browning on Chesterton seems to Mr. McLuhan too obvious to need more than a mention, and he does not even refer to the still greater influence of Dickens, about whom Mr. Kenner also maintains an unbroken silence.

Having claimed that Chesterton had an unwavering insight into being, and then presented him as swayed by every passing fashion in thought and expression, however shoddy, Mr. McLuhan concludes abruptly, "It is time to see him freed from the accidental accretions of ephemeral literary mannerisms," and hands on his smoky torch to Mr. Kenner, who snatching it blithely from him speeds buoyantly on his way. Chesterton, Mr. Kenner says, was not so much great because of his published achievement as great because he was right. He scarcely left a page that is not in some way botched and disfigured; his perceptions are metaphysical rather than æsthetic; he never achieves a great poem, for his poems are compilations of statements not intensely felt but only intensely meant and have a philosophical not a poetic meaning. Celebrations of cosmic fact, they are a noisy rather than a perceptive celebration. The conflicts they deal with are not in Chesterton's mind but out in front of him, in the things; he does not feel involved in them; they are in an odd way painless, for he never experienced the self-distrust mirrored in some of Gerard Hopkins's verse, "There is a sense in which it is to his praise that he could not be a poet."

It would be useless to enquire how a man can be right whose work is botched and disfigured on nearly every page; how he can mean intensely without feeling intensely; how, though noisy rather than perceptive, he can yet be philosophically

* "Paradox in Chesterton." By Hugh Kenner. Steed & Ward, 7s. 6d.

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sound; or how he can resolve mental conflicts which take place outside his mind, and bring great truths painlessly to birth in a kind of twilight sleep. Mr. Kenner is, what Chesterton became, a Thomist. Thomas Aquinas, the most gifted of medieval dialecticians, has been revived of late years in order to supply sceptics anxious for a faith with a complete set of answers to persons willing to engage with them in arguing about what can neither be established nor disproved by mental processes. The Thomist seeks refuge from the complexity of things in the more manageable complexity of words. With the inexhaustible verbal arsenal of Aquinas to draw upon, he is able at the same time to preserve the Christian virtue of humility by affirming nothing of himself, and to claim that he is always right because Aquinas is never wrong. To this type the free exercise of the imagination is a presumptuous attempt to by-pass the theological route to truth, and careless or tawdry writing, such as Mr. McLuhan and Mr. Kenner note in much of Chesterton's work, a pleasing sign of indifference to the artist's ideal of perfection. From Mr. Kenner's standpoint the trouble with the Toby-jug Chesterton is not that he is unreal, exaggerated, rhetorical, but merely that he obscures the later Chesterton, the master of analogy and paradox whose course, even from his earliest years, was set towards the haven of Aquinas. In rescuing Chesterton from Dickens and Browning and Stevenson and aligning him with such verbal artificers or contortionists as Gerard Hopkins and T. S. Eliot, James Joyce and Gertrude Stein, Mr. Kenner may well have made him more palatable to youthful Catholic students, grateful for an up-to-date flavouring in their theological dish. But his Chesterton is no more authentic and much less amusing than the mythical figure of twenty years ago, the roaring, beer-swilling swashbuckler at whose name capitalists and cocoa-drinkers turned pale. His book, however, contains many illuminating quotations which could give some idea of Chesterton to a careful and reflective reader.

In his autobiography Chesterton narrates that in his late teens he passed through a phase of mental disease bordering on madness. He had horrible fancies which he used to put into drawings. They were not, he says, of a homosexual nature; but he tells us nothing else about them, though from the prevalence in his stories and poems of blood and slicing swords, one may surmise that they expressed the craving for violence which permeated his otherwise kindly and pacific nature. In a poem to his schoolboy friend, E. C. Bentley, he speaks of "the sick cloud upon the soul when we were boys together", and defines it as an exhalation from the decadent 'eighties and 'nineties, when "science announced nonentity and art admired decay", the age of Wilde and Whistler and Hæckel. He and his friend were upheld in their despair by Stevenson and Whitman; Whitman sent "far out of fish-shaped Paumanok some cry of cleaner things", and "Truth out of Tusitala spoke". Then "God and the good Republic came riding back in arms", and they "found common things at last, and marriage and a creed".

The sick cloud was not an exhalation from the age, it was within Chesterton himself. Whitman was hardly a sure prophylactic against Wilde, nor the author of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, with his cry "Shall we never shed blood?", a breath of

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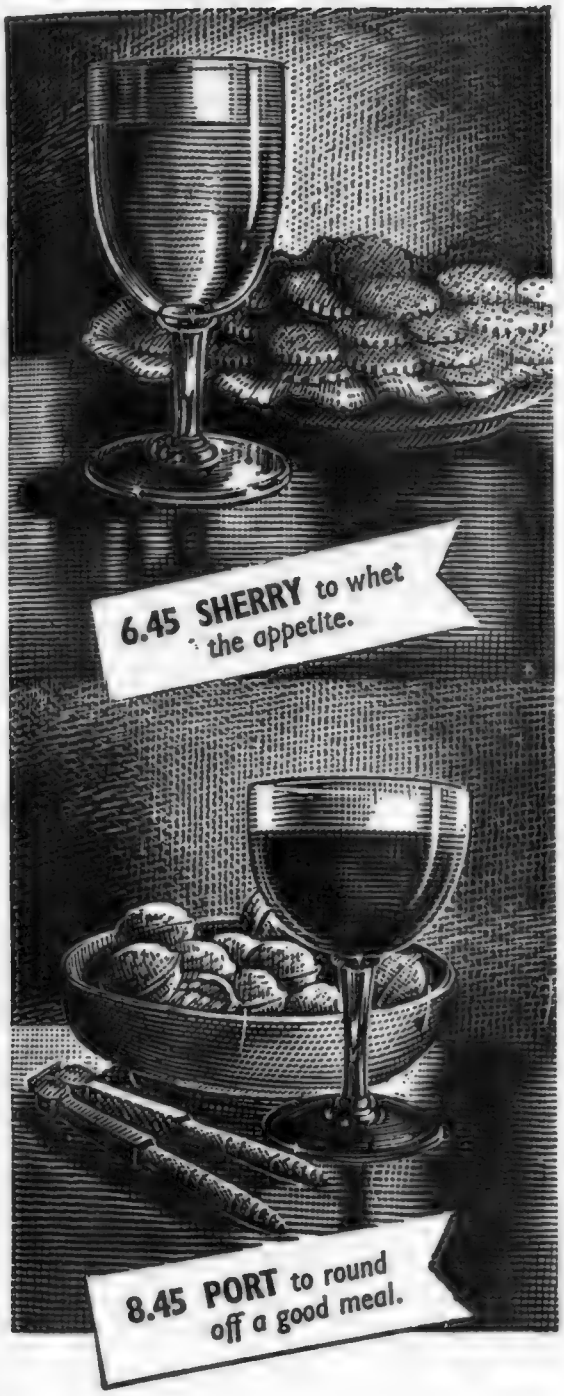
fresh air after the far less subterranean Whistler. But Stevenson and Whitman inevitably attracted Chesterton, who like them longed for health, and like them hoped to achieve it not by facing his nature but by externalizing it in the outer world as a conflict between health and disease, with himself as the protagonist of health. It is in his imaginative work that one most easily perceives how little of daylight and freshness he had by nature. Much of his poetry and more of his fiction are overshadowed by the evil twilight of a child's nightmares, swelling to a horror which only some sudden act of violence can dissipate. This internal tension he resolved, both in his critical and his imaginative work, by simplifying every situation into a conflict between an evil oppression and a liberating champion. His Dickens is the English embodiment of the French Revolution, a man who "panted upwards on weary wings to reach the heaven of the poor". His Browning is a plain man who made poems out of the simple things of life, shaming the æsthetes at their dubious diversions in velvet-curtained rooms. His King Alfred is Free Will and Christian Hope wiping the floor with the pagan Guthrum and his determinist Danes. And so on. He applied the same simplifying process to countries. In *An Alliance*, written, as will easily be credited, before he knew Hilaire Belloc, good embodies itself in "the Saxon lands", England and America, evil in Spain, who had recently been defeated by the United States—"Four centuries doom of torture, Choked in the throat of Spain" is Chesterton's way of putting it. Later, Spain was replaced by Germany ("O thousandfolk and frozen folk"), by the Orient ("land of purple and poison and glamour"), and finally by all non Catholic countries, including England, of whom, a few years before she was left as the sole defender of all he valued, Chesterton wrote: "This noble and generous nation which lost its religion in the seventeenth century has lost its morals in the twentieth"

Chesterton was at his best in the first decade of this century, when his conversion to Roman Catholicism lay many years ahead. Work and success had lifted the cloud of his adolescence; his wit was keen, his fancy wonderfully fertile, his sense of reality intermittently active, and the quibbling and rhetoric with which in his last years he tried to dispel his fretful uneasy gloom still far from being in complete control of his mind. The progressives, led by Wells, and the æsthetes, from Pater to George Moore, were his chief targets. Wells's happiness in the thought that just as the motor-car was quicker than the coach, so something would be quicker than the motor-car, Chesterton echoed and amplified in a Dr. Quilp, who foretells a machine on which a man could circle the earth so quickly that he could keep up a talk in some old world village by saying a word of a sentence each time he came round. George Moore, served Chesterton as the type of the self-conscious artist who values everything only as a setting for himself—*The Grand Canal with a distant view of George Moore, Effect of George Moore seen through a Scotch mist, Ruins of George Moore by moonlight.* Religion in those years still meant more to Chesterton than creeds and institutions; and to measure the change between what he then was and what he later became, one need merely place side by side his criticism of Pater's view that we must enjoy the passing moment for its own



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sake and his defence of the wealth and pomp of Rome. Moments of love or of any other great emotion, he says, in reply to Pater, are filled with eternity: "These moments are joyful because they do not seem momentary. Man cannot love mortal things. He can only love immortal things for an instant." Visiting Rome after his conversion, he concedes that the Catholic faith "might have scored in some ways if it had remained absolutely austere and unwordly; as poor as the birth in the stable; as naked as the victim on the Cross". But, he continues, unless it could have been kept at the last extremity of severity, it was right to rush to the last extremes of splendour: "The Pope is the Vicar of Christ, and when he goes splendid in white and silver and gold, with the ostrich plumes and the peacock fans borne before him, he is only making the approximate attempt that every picture makes, to symbolize a sort of vision. Rome had to decide whether it would express the simplicity of Christ in simplicity or the glory of God in glory."

It would not have taken the early Chesterton long to reply that the glory of God is in the simplicity of Christ not in the magnificence of Cæsar.

HUGH KINGSMILL.

ROOSEVELT AND HARRY HOPKINS

THE WHITE HOUSE PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS, Vol. I, Sept., 1939-Jan., 1942. Robert E. Sherwood. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 25*s.* 0*d. net.*

WHEN Harry Hopkins first arrived in London in 1940, as Mr. Roosevelt's special emissary, few people in this country had ever heard of him. Mr. Churchill's first question was: "Who is Hopkins?" In America, however, he was already famous. His career, brilliantly described by his friend, Mr. Robert Sherwood, in "The White House Papers of Harry L. Hopkins" was indeed a remarkable one. He came from Iowa, of humble parents, and got a job as a young man in New York as a social worker. When Mr. Roosevelt became Governor of New York State, Hopkins was put in charge of a Public Relief Administration, and this brought the two men into contact. Thenceforth, they were closely associated. Hopkins merged his whole life in Roosevelt, satisfying his inordinate craving for power through his intimate association with the President.

Mr. Sherwood's picture of Hopkins is affectionate without being unduly adulatory. He presents him as that very typical American product—an energetic, professional "do-gooder", whose zeal for promoting human betterment required neither a philosophy of life to sustain its momentum, nor personal virtue to demonstrate its validity. Apart from ambition, which in Hopkins' case, as Mr. Sherwood indicates, at one point reached as high as the Presidency, he seems to have had no sense of a destination, or even of a direction. He was possessed with the same sort of frenzy to do good that other Americans have to make money. He wanted to acquire an enormous balance of benevolence as they want to acquire an enormous balance of dollars, and the methods employed in both cases were distinctly similar.

Hopkins and Roosevelt were drawn together by a sympathy which was more than mere friendship. They had in common the experience of overcoming great physical disability. In some ways they were the same sort of person, though Roosevelt, of course, was more forceful, more sure of himself, or at least appeared so. Their companionship survived all hazards, and proved mutually

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satisfying. For Roosevelt, it was comforting to have Hopkins around in the White House to talk to, to try out ideas on, perhaps even to lean on at times. For Hopkins, it was gratifying to be so closely associated with the President, and to participate in all that was going on without holding any office or shouldering any direct responsibility. They found comfort and strength in association, both physically disabled, but possessing that immense self-confidence, vanity even, which is generated by doing what comes unnaturally. In association with physical frailty the will becomes keen as a blind man's touch, as shrill as the deaf when they declaim.

After the outbreak of the 1939-45 war, Roosevelt used Hopkins as his representative abroad, often by-passing his Secretary of State, Mr. Cordell Hull, to his considerable and understandable annoyance. Thus Hopkins became an immensely important factor in the working out of war-time and post-war Allied policy. His own personal predisposition had been towards a vague isolationism, but from the moment that he arrived in England and met Mr. Churchill, he became a fervent advocate of wholehearted American participation in the war. The same love of power which led him to attach himself to Roosevelt operated when he came into contact with Mr. Churchill. It was the immense authority of the British Prime Minister, the fact that no one else seemed to count, which evoked his hero-worship. He acted, as he put it himself, as a "catalytic agent" in relation to the President and the Prime Minister, thereby unquestionably making an outstanding contribution to the attainment of Allied victory.

Exactly the same thing happened when he went to the Kremlin. What dazzled him in Stalin was the thought that the Russian leader was the unquestioned master of so many millions of people. He was the boss, and Hopkins liked consorting with bosses.

His account of his impressions of Stalin is first-rate reporting, but nowhere in it is there any evidence that he measured what he heard in the Kremlin against the past and present reality of the Soviet regime:

> "Not once did Stalin repeat himself. He talked as he knew his troops were shooting straight and hard. He welcomed me with a few, swift Russian words. He shook my hand briefly, firmly, courteously. He smiled warmly. There was no waste of word, gesture, nor mannerism. It was like talking to a perfectly co-ordinated machine, an intelligent machine. Joseph Stalin knew what he

wanted, knew what Russia wanted, and he assumed that you knew."

The fervent belief in democracy, those self-evident democratic propositions, which Hopkins naturally professed at home, did not prevent him from finding autocracy extremely congenial abroad. From the moment that he decided that Stalin was a great war leader, and that Russia deserved, as well as needed, all possible help from the United States, he became convinced that Stalin's promises were completely reliable, and that after the war was over he could be relied on to support policies which were in direct contradiction with everything that he had hitherto done and said. It was as though an energetic Methodist missionary should have taken a fancy to Ghengis Khan, and thereafter persuaded himself and others that the Tartars were at heart convinced Methodists, and could be relied on to behave as such.

How far Roosevelt and Hopkins influenced one another in this matter it is difficult to say, but between them they were responsible for a policy which has resulted in China being turned over to Communist control, to large areas of Europe being subjected to Russian influence and minority Communist governments, and to the world being confronted with the grave danger of atomic war so soon after the defeat of Nazi Germany and Imperial Japan. Their miscalculations were so obvious and so infantile that it seems extraordinary that two men of outstanding and proved astuteness in domestic politics should have made them. Future historians are likely to puzzle much over this strange circumstance, to look for some subtle or Machiavellian explanation of concessions so unnecessary at the time, and so disastrous in their later consequences. Mr. Sherwood's brilliant narrative, and the excerpts he gives from Hopkins' own papers, will be invaluable documentation in such a quest. He has made, at the same time, a notable contribution to contemporary history and biography. No student of this strange time can afford to neglect it.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE.

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THE LOVED ONE. Evelyn Waugh. *Chapman and Hall.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

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THE CONSPIRATOR. Humphry Slater. *John Lehmann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

ANNY. Marc Bernard, translated by M. L. George. *T. V. Boardman.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

DEVIL TAKE THE BLUE TAIL FLY. J. L. Bardin. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

EAST RIVER. Sholem Asch. *Macdonald.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

MR. GEOFFREY GORER, in his analysis of the American character, called attention to the overwhelming desire of Americans for admiration and love. Neither is accorded them in *The Loved One*, which has nevertheless figured in American lists of best-sellers for months. Probably everyone now knows that this is a satire on the funeral cult of California, where corpses are embalmed, painted, frizzed, bejewelled and dressed in party clothes before committal in the fantastic byways of "Whispering Glades". An anthropologist of the future may write a learned treatise on the revival of a cult traditionally associated with the otherworldly society of ancient Egypt in the materialistic society of twentieth century California, but he is not likely to sum up its absurdities and horrors with the devilish art of *The Loved One*. The English who laugh as they read need not, however, congratulate themselves too much, the march of American culture is, I fear, irresistible, but as the bandwaggon rolls on I salute Mr. Waugh for throwing a neat half-brick at it.

IN *Mist on the Waters*, Mr. F. L. Green returns to Belfast for his setting. He is a brilliant atmospheric painter, the rhythm of

the town's life, the feel of the streets and the bars, the very wind and rain that blow, are imprisoned for us in his meticulously rendered descriptions. His characters have no comparable precision. Existing firmly in the visible world, explained in accordance with the most approved psychological theories, they yet elude the reader. Everything about the weak and shifty Barty Fingal, the handsome, unsuccessful Pelancey, the boy Lance, the women Anne and Mabel, is convincing, except the mainsprings of their conduct. Fingal and Pelancey blackmail a man who subsequently commits suicide. The spreading miasma of fear as the town's rumours crystallize round them holds the reader fascinated with the old spell of "The Night of the Fire", though Mabel Timson tracking down her ex-lover's murderers is, for all the immediacy of her motive, somehow less convincing than Graham Greene's Ida in pursuit of Pinkie Brown. Mr. F. L. Green shows a growing tendency to become involved with questions of guilt and penitence without either subscribing himself, or making his characters subscribe, to any philosophy which recognizes their validity. The result is to make the reader doubt whether the people would feel the emotions with which they are credited.

THE CONSPIRATORS is another very able novel which falls down because one cannot accept the central idea. In the world in which we live we have seen husbands turning against wives, sons against fathers and men against their country at the behest of political ideology. But in spite of the author's attempt to explain the behaviour of Major Desmond Ferneaux-Lightfoot through his early association with the I.R.A., the character does not ring true. You do not feel that this man would have become a Communist. The book is much better written than is usual with either thrillers or propaganda novels, the story is swiftly told and in spite of the central stumbling block it holds the reader's attention to the end. It is very timely, but I suspect that if the book had been written ten years ago Major Ferneaux-Lightfoot would have been a Fascist.

ANNY is the French novel of passion at its most claustrophobic. It is by Marc Bernard, who received the *Prix Goncourt*

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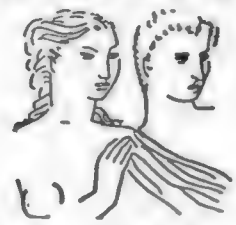

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for an earlier book and the *Prix Interallié* for this. I cannot say how faithfully the original style has been reproduced by the translator, all books of this kind read a little oddly in English because we do not dissect feeling with such single-minded intensity. I could never visualize either Anny or her lover as individuals; they remained for me case-histories illustrating the devastating isolation of sexual passion which dehumanizes the victims because it takes them out of ordinary life. Should we be interested in Des Grieux or Manon if we only had a solo voice record of their passion?

IF I had bought *Devil take the Blue Tail Fly* to read on a train journey I should emerge somewhat shattered because this lightly proffered thriller is one of the most startling accounts of, I fear I must say schizophrenia, that I have ever read. It begins smoothly, we see the surface of normality cracking slowly and the play of dream and reality provides the reader with his detective problem. What is very rare in even a superior thriller, the author succeeds in arousing pity for his chief character, a gifted woman musician who, having undergone the electric shock treatment for psychosis, is aware that her personality has been integrated on a lower plane and that everything she valued has been lost.

EAST RIVER is one of Sholem Asch's long romances about the immigrant community of New York's East Side. The time is the early years of the century and the squalor and homeliness of Tammany New York has already acquired nostalgic charm compared with the dreadful uniformity of "the air-conditioned nightmare". We know the formula, of course; the tension between the racial groups, Jewish, Irish and Italian; the romances that cut across them; the conflict between the generations as the younger forsakes the old ways. Sholem Asch has the firmness and fluency which is part of the story-teller's gift and the feeling that his heart is in the right place gives warmth and vitality to his story although its philosophical implications are woolly. The descriptions of Jewish family and religious life have quality as well as humour and charm.

RUBY MILLAR.

Short Notices

SARTRE ON THE FRENCH JEW

PORTRAIT OF THE ANTI-SEMITE. By Jean-Paul Sartre. *Secker and Warburg and Lindsay Drummond*, 7*s.* 6*d.*

THIS brilliant pamphlet applies all the limpid logic of the French mind to the question of the Jew in France. Fertile in suggestion, persuasive in argument, a work of art for the sake of pity, it unfortunately never really meets the problem it attacks because it exists in a different dimension: you can do everything with limpid logic except defeat the illogical. Sartre does not produce a portrait but an explanation, in terms of philosophy, psychology and economics. We get a diagram of Jewishness and anti-semitism, but never the "feel" of Jew or anti-semite, as we get it, for example, in Koestler's novel "Thieves in the Night".

Sartre's argument, too elaborate and rich to be satisfactorily summarized here, is that the petty bourgeois, with his mystique of land-ownership and his manichæanism, by attacking the rootless Jew affirms his solidarity with "the real France" and nourishes his pride and belief in himself. The Jew is excluded and his Jewishness is the creation of those who exclude him. Some Jews are "authentic" and fully aware of their situation; others are "inauthentic" and, attempting to adapt themselves to the society which repels them, accept the poisoned mask it presses on them. "Man is a freedom in a situation." If the situation is changed and "a classless society is founded upon collective ownership of the instruments of labour . . . anti-semitism will no longer have any reason to exist". The Jew will then as a matter of course take his place in society. Even if this over-simple solution is rejected —and Sartre himself has become the Communist arch-heretic since he wrote it in 1944 —the analysis of the problem is worth reading for its freshness, subtlety and style.

The translation reads very well. The publishers have charmingly preserved some French atmosphere by leaving occasional pages uncut.

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MR. DEAKIN does not indicate in his titles nor in his preface, with any precision, that this collection is only about the British Isles. A greater variety would have resulted if he had occasionally strayed to the continent, in translation if preferred, and I would certainly have liked at least a sprinkling of our colonial poets and writers. However, once one realized and accepted the insular intention, it was a considerable disappointment to find that Shakespeare was omitted except for the curious inclusion of the ditty which opens attractively but descends into murky obscurities about "greasy Joan". Nor can one plead that he displays a certain selective care in avoiding the hackneyed and obvious, and therefore left the Bard to one side, for there are several trite, naïve or too-familiar friends. I greatly missed some of the lush descriptive cadences from Shakespeare's plays and sonnets, even if they had been restricted to little more than brief extracts added to those on the fly-leaves of the various sections.

The space given to Henry Williamson, J. Wentworth Day and the full-throated singster of English glories, V. Sackville West, was generously their due; each contribution well placed and welcomed. I found the Maeterlinck extract inconclusively brief, and wondered why Masefield's *Reynard The Fox* was not given in full. The description of the polo game from Kipling's *The Day's Work* seemed to indicate that India was not too far afield; then why not Yeats Brown and, louder still, why not Roy Campbell and some of the Australians?

The most unfortunate error, to my mind, is the absence of an index, preferably two, of the writers and of the first lines of poems. The volume is easy to mind and hand for reading abed, but what banishes soft pillowed ease more smartly than seeking, seeking and never finding that passage on which a mental finger only can be laid?

The volume is illustrated, in photographs and in reproductions from drawings that have already appeared in a volume of poetry. They did not seem worthy of a second appearance, and I preferred the anonymous illustration on the book-jacket.

Here then, having had my fling of carping, is a pleasantly selected, catholic collection; not outstanding but including many faithful favourites in convenient form. A volume more for the country house and the squire with his lady than for the Bloomsbury cognoscenti, and there are assembled within its covers reminders of a way of country life that all too soon may exist only in art and literature.

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Within the compass of less than 600 pages the author covers the vast field from the cave paintings of Altamira to the uneasy present. It is no hasty, conducted tour through the galleries of the ages nor is it a mere encyclopædic compilation. Mr. Short's judgment is as balanced as his knowledge is profound. He is refreshingly free from the jargon which clutters so much writing on art.

Not the least merit of this book is the effective introduction of biographical details which clarify the motives and objectives of a particular painter and relate him to the period in which he worked.

The temptation to quote is great. One brief extract must suffice to show Mr. Short's form and flavour. Towards the end of the final chapter, entitled "The Cosmopolitans: Post Impressionism", he writes: "Every age believes that it is achieving something final in expression and revelation and, regardless of history, hugs the flattering belief that no succeeding generation will be able to undermine its formulas. Our own age is no exception." Although these words concern art they might apply with equal force to many other fields of current thought and endeavours.

Judiciously illustrated and admirably indexed, this book is indispensable to all who are interested in man's struggle to express himself with what Mr. Short happily calls "a handful of vari-coloured earths".

SYDNEY J. MAIDEN.

ST. JOAN

ST. JOAN OF ARC. By V. Sackville-West. *Michael Joseph*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

THE ease with which men abandon a friend when the friend is in danger, is one of the failings of human nature most frequently illustrated in history. St. Joan of Arc had ineffectual friends among her contemporaries; many who have since befriended her, had they been alive when she needed them, would have done no more than weep for her. Miss Sackville-West must be accounted a friend of la Pucelle, and it may be that she would have led a raiding party to rescue her.

St. Joan was without question, says Miss Sackville-West, "even during her lifetime, a person whom one would expect to find portrayed in a hundred different places; a person of legend. Butterflies in clouds accompanied her standard; pigeons miraculously fluttered towards her". But there are, unfortunately, no pigeons and no butterflies about this life of the Saint. Miss Sackville-West sighs, as a lover of truth, "for a portrait which shall attempt no picturesque rendering of that remarkable destiny, no seizing of those dramatic moments". By striving to be impartial, by refusing to become excited, by apologizing for anger in the only passage where anger is shown—she has almost succeeded in producing such a portrait.

As to the matter, the book is a conscientious study: indeed, Miss Sackville-West seems to have used all her enthusiasm in research and saved none for the writing. She has studied the original documents; read the relevant books by other writers; discussed the Saint with F. R. Thurston S.J.; consulted Dr. Baines on the psychology of visionaries, Mr. Milton Waldman on the trial, and obtained a table of the moon's phases from the Secretary of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich. She has collected a wealth of facts but omitted to breathe life into them.

PETER R. DONNELLY.

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